MARVEL MYSTERY COMICS

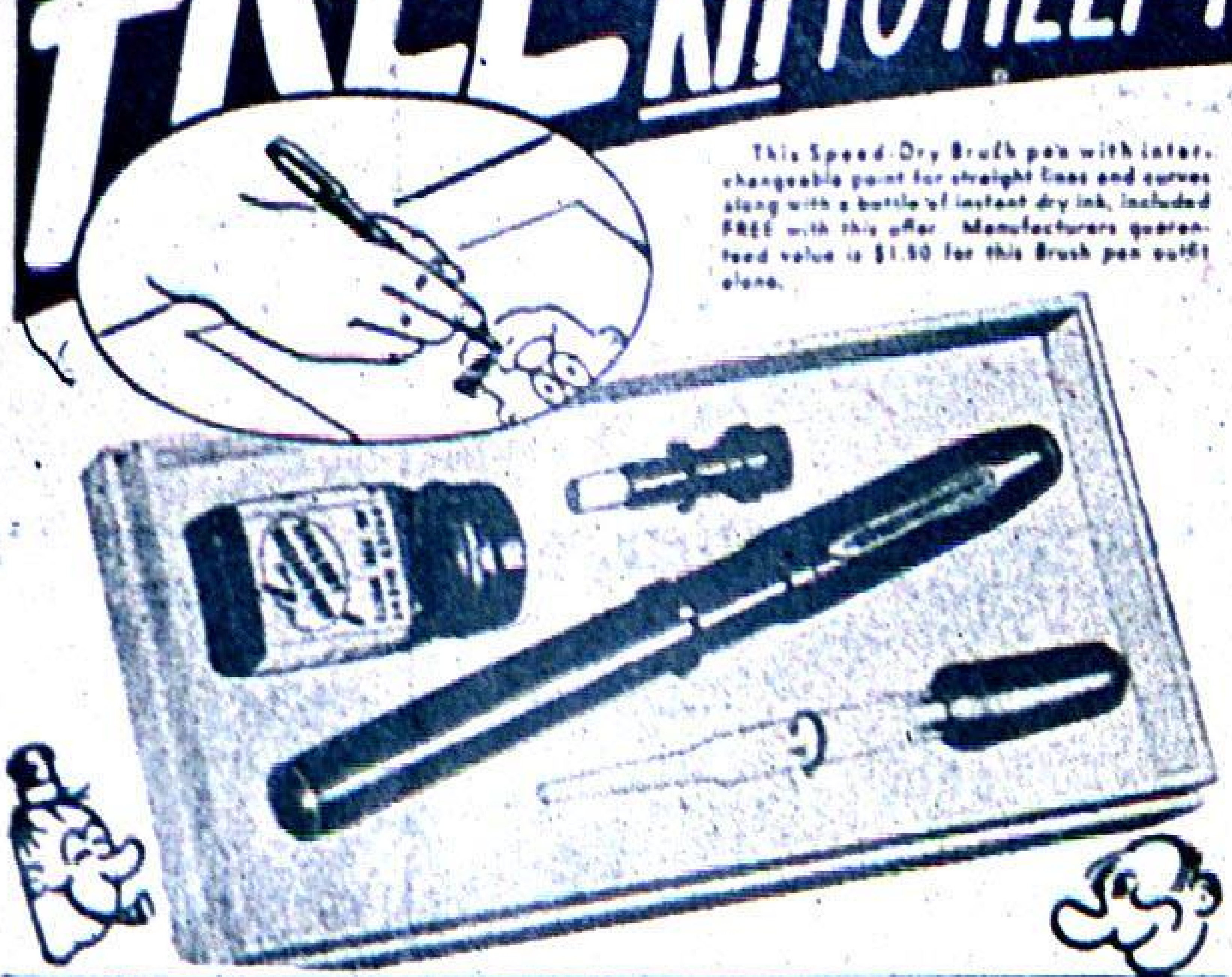
NO. 46

AUGUST

10¢

WITH THIS OFFER

FREE THIS AMAZING SPEEDRY BRUSHPEN KIT TO HELP YOU LEARN CARTOONING



This Speed-Dry Brush pen with interchangeable point for straight lines and curves along with a bottle of instant dry ink, included FREE with this offer. Manufacturers guaranteed value is $1.50 for this Brush pen outfit alone.

You'll be delighted and amazed with the astonishing contents of this announcement . . . you get so much for so little that everything included is almost a gift.

This limited free offer is made to encourage you who are sincere and anxious to learn cartooning. No matter if you never had any previous experience, you will find these instructions so interesting and so simplified, yet it is almost like copying, so that you just learn quickly how to draw the funniest and cartooniest faces. You can master lettering for show cards by just making straight and curved lines through the shortcut dot and dash lettering instructions included.

Cartoonists and artists make big money drawing for newspapers, advertisers, magazines, etc. Perhaps you have talent! If you have talent the instructions you get here will help you toward mastering this art and the easy steps which you practice in spare time will help you to make finished cartoon posters and signs. These will make you feel proud and able to prove your talent not only to yourself but to your friends and to possible customers. Think of it, this system is so fast moving and simple that you actually draw faces with the first lesson. No grinding studies and if you act at once we include free with your order a complete patented speed dry brush pen outfit. Remember the SPEED-DRY BRUSH PEN OUTFIT alone is sold for $1.50. So act at once and get yours FREE with your order.

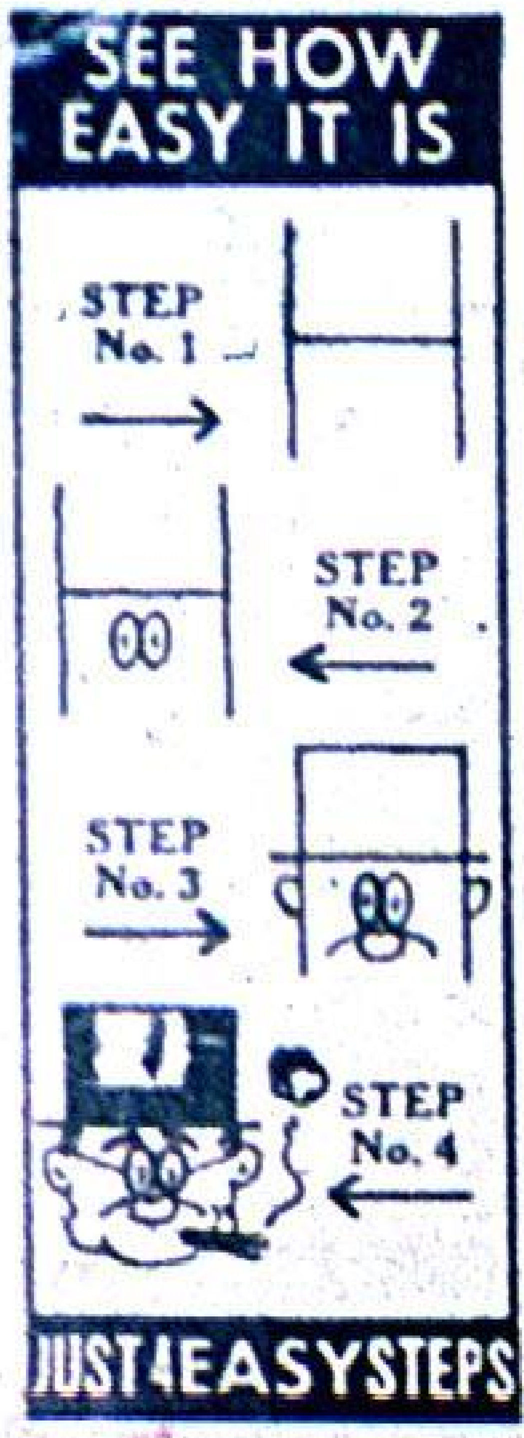
DRAW FOR BIG PAY

ACTUALLY DRAW FUNNY FACES AND PROFESSIONAL-LIKE LETTERS IN ONE SIMPLE LESSON!

Think of it! You actually draw with your very first lesson. . . . Sounds impossible, but it's true because everything has been made so easy and simple. But practice makes perfect. Practice and it won't be long before you, providing you have ability, will be creating and drawing cartoony faces of your own and perhaps making money out of your newly developed talent.

Four Easy Steps By FRANK WEBB

You are indeed fortunate to have included with this course, fast-moving illustrated cartoon-instructions by the famous Frank Webb. Cartoonist Webb shows you how in four easy steps you can make the funniest faces imaginable. They are so easy to draw that you will be amazed. If you want a career as a cartoonist and artist don't miss this unusual opportunity. Let our instructions, equipment along with Frank Webb's great book "How to Make Faces" be your inspiration and perhaps the foundation of your very future.



Read All You Get

You get "How to Make Faces" by Frank Webb, professional drawing paper, sandpaper, pencil sharpening block, art gum eraser, assortment of American made crayons, ruler, Frank Webb cartoon pencil, flexible protractor to help you easily make any designs, 6 inch 30 degree flexible triangle, special instructions and dot and dash lettering system AND if you order at once you get Speed-Dry Brush pen outfit free.

ACT NOW! Rush Coupon . . . you must be 100% delighted or money back.

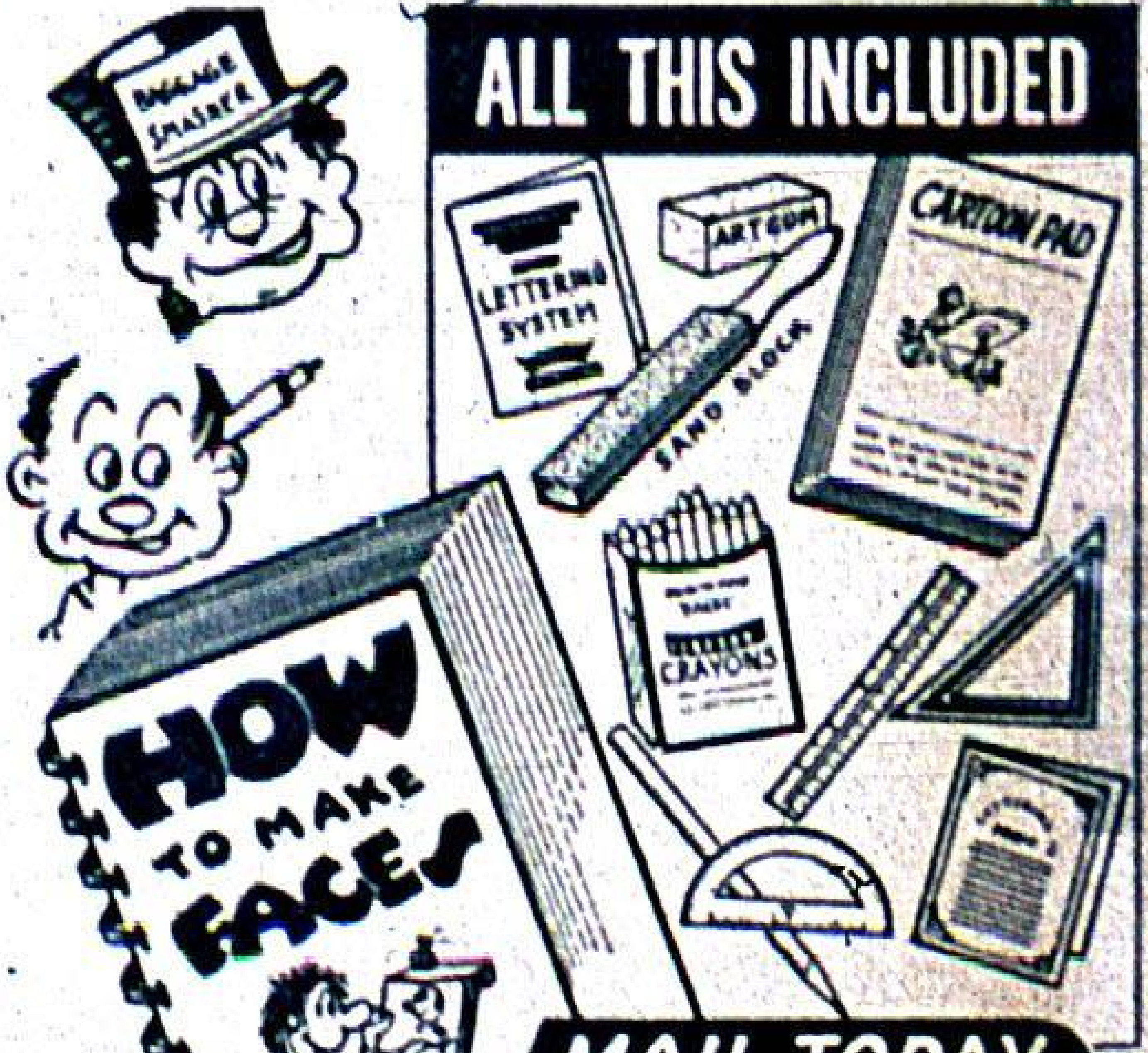
SEND NO MONEY

Only 2 To A Customer

Be one of the lucky ones to get in on this amazing offer. Act at once! Just sign your name and address to coupon at right and rush it to us. You will receive everything by return mail. Pay postman $2.98 plus postage on arrival. If not delighted after 5 days return for full refund.

PUBLISHERS ART SERVICE
Dept. 808—535 5th Avenue, N. Y

ALL THIS INCLUDED



PUBLISHERS ART SERVICE, Dept. 808
535 Fifth Ave., Suite 2506, New York, N. Y.

I accept your special offer. Send your show card lettering and cartoon instructions with all equipment by return mail. Also include the free Speed-Dry Brush pen outfit. I will deposit $2.98, plus postage with postman. If I am not satisfied I will return within five days for full refund. (Send $2.98 now and save postage, same guarantee.)

NAME ....

ADDRESS ....

NOTE: Canadian and foreign orders must be accompanied by $3.50 cash.

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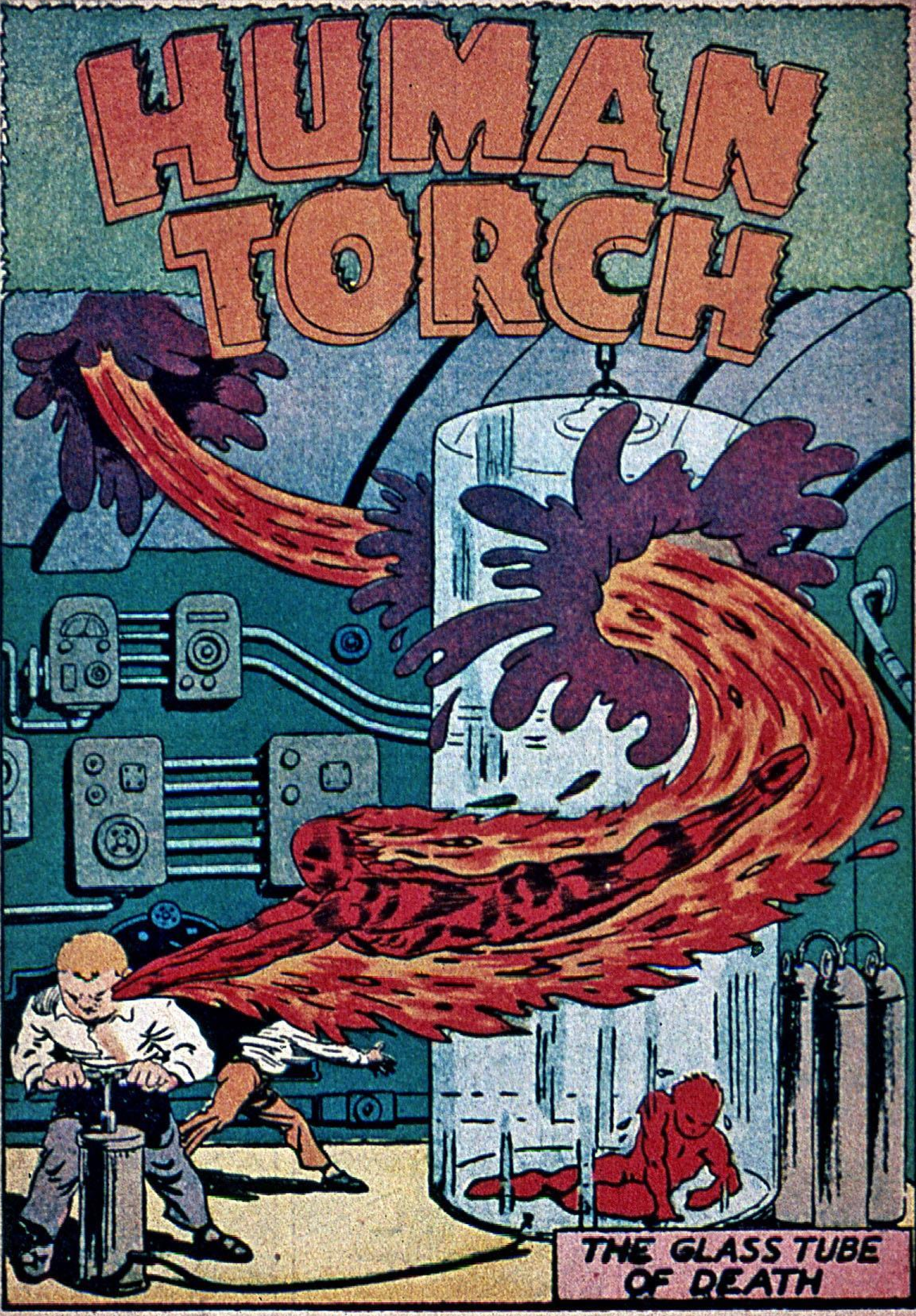
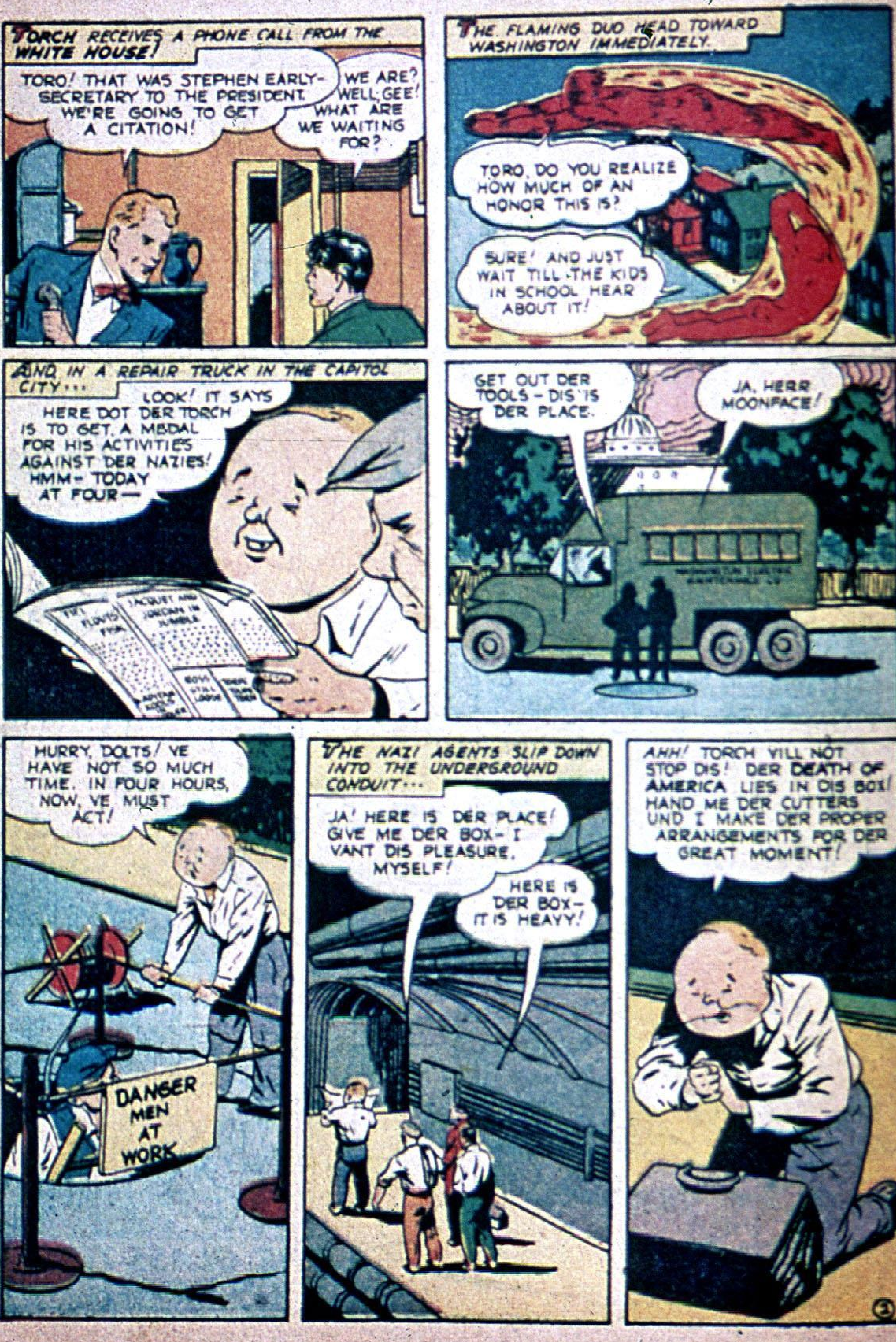
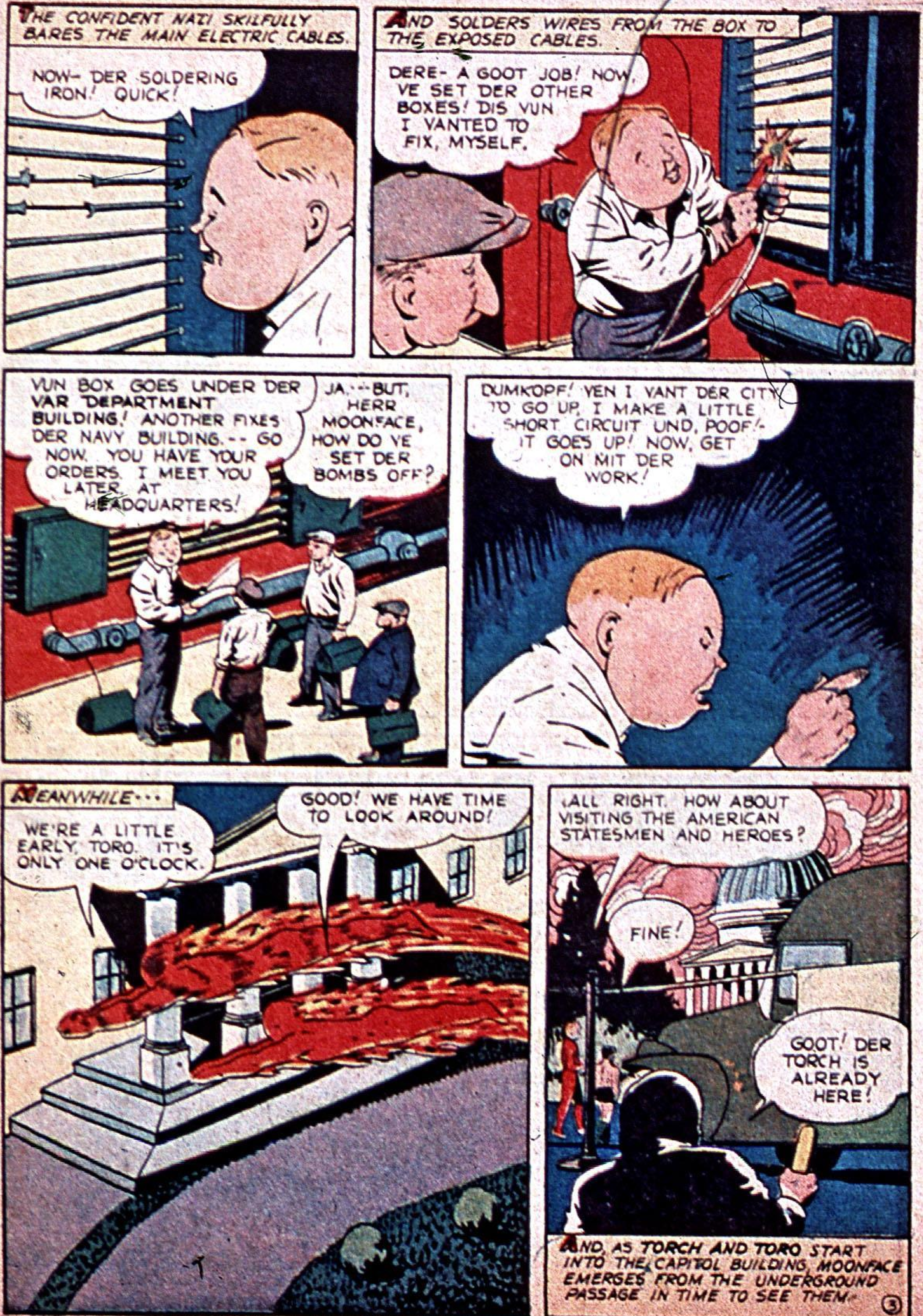
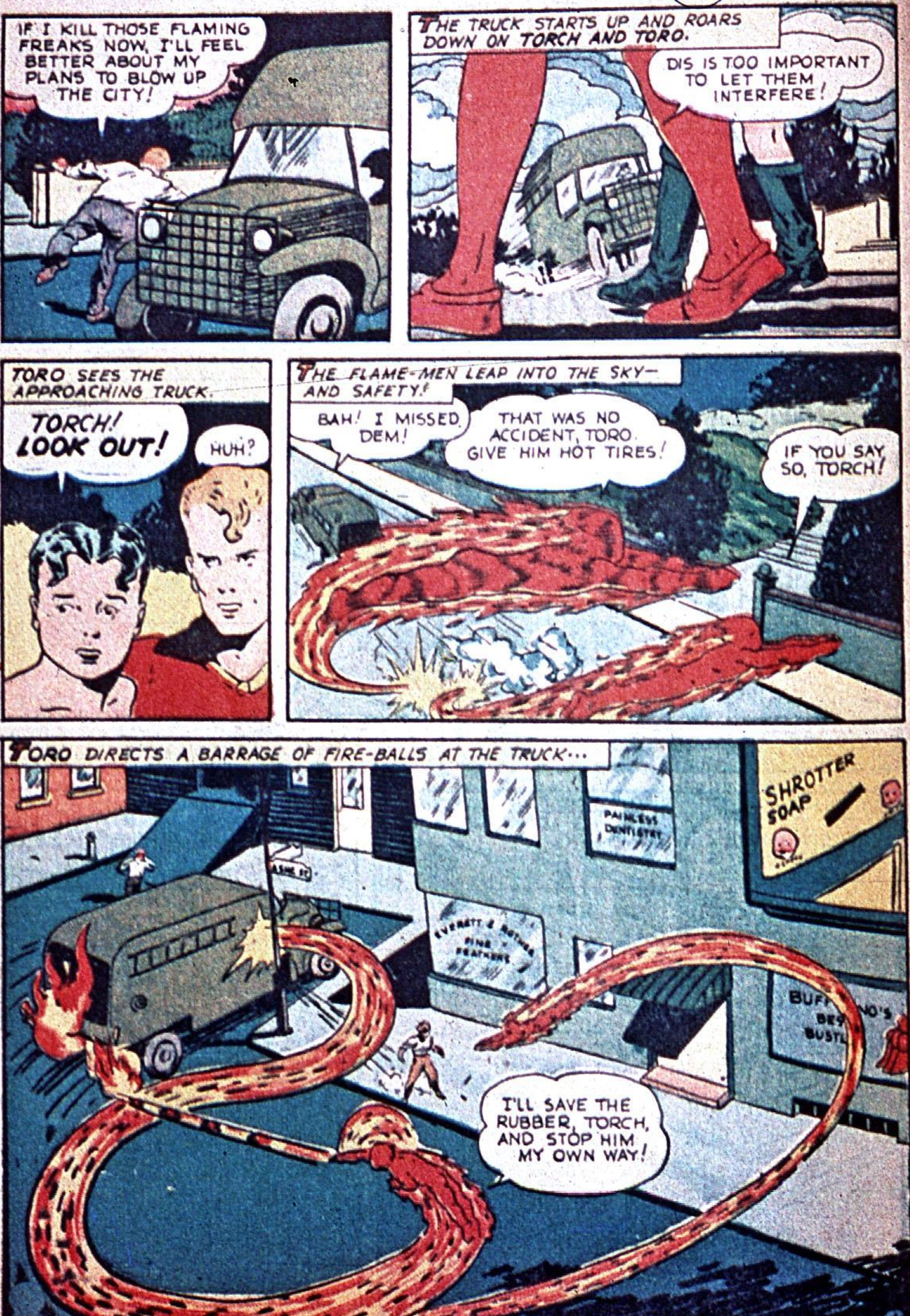
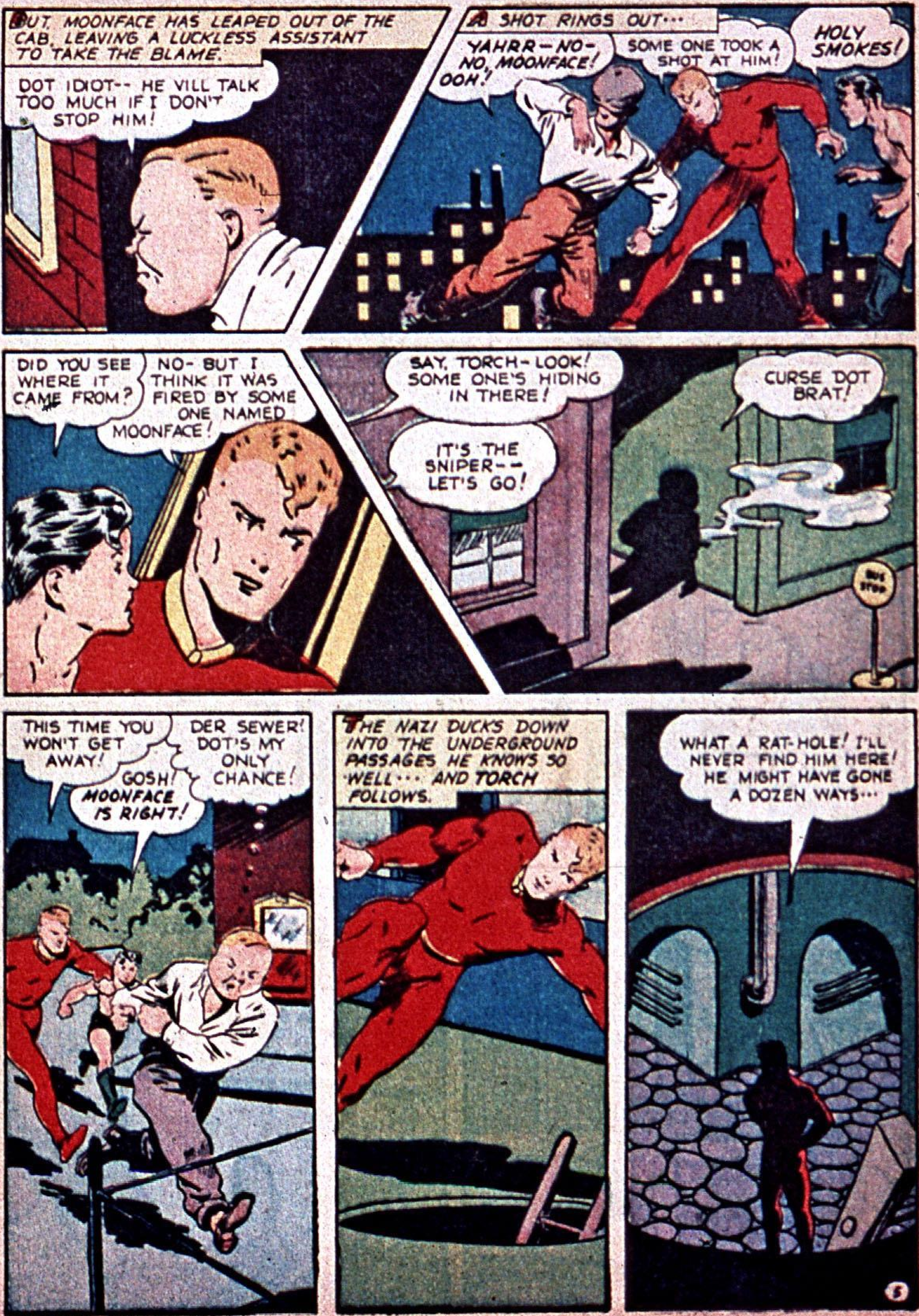
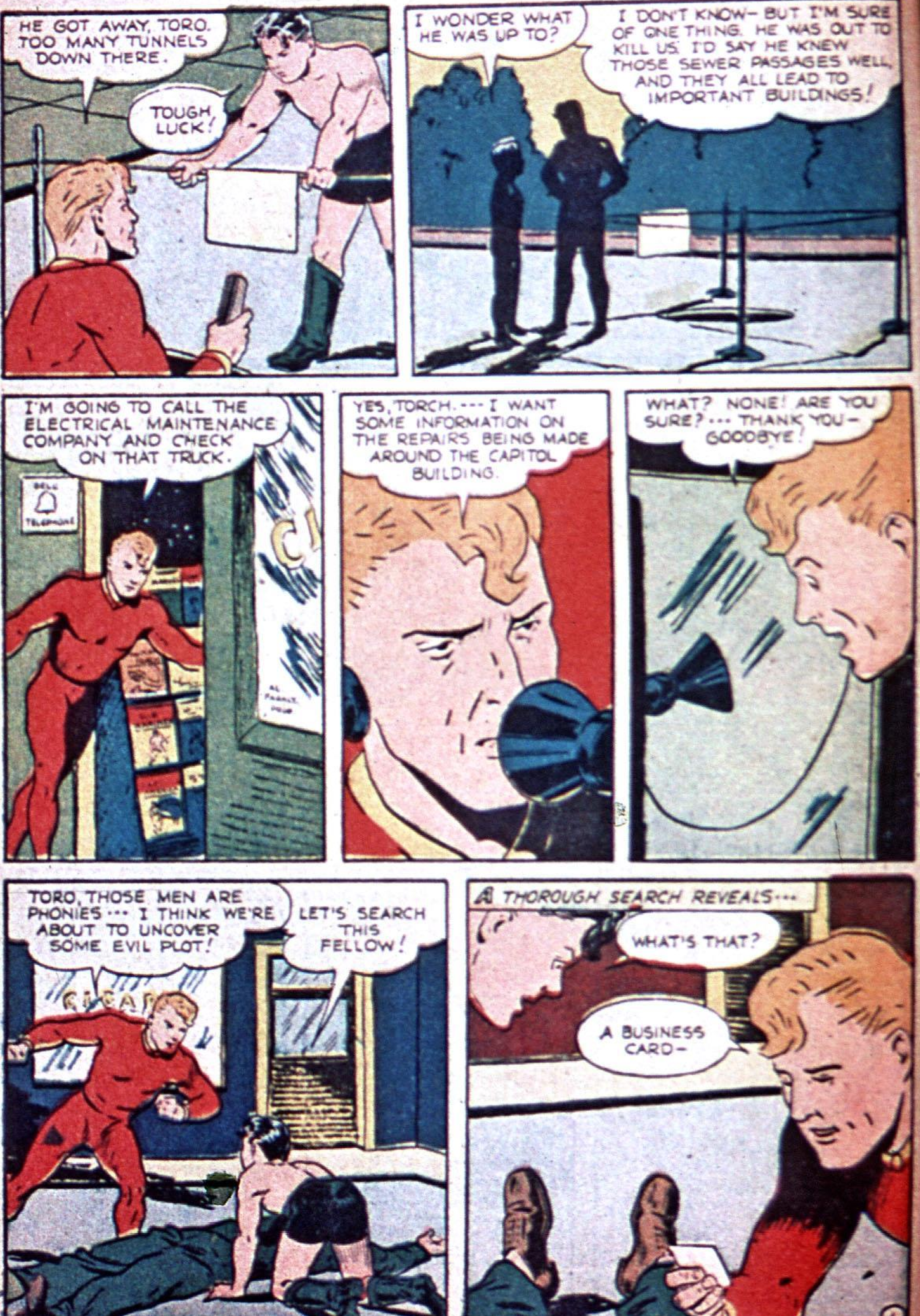

HUMAN TORCH
THE GLASS TUBE OF DEATH

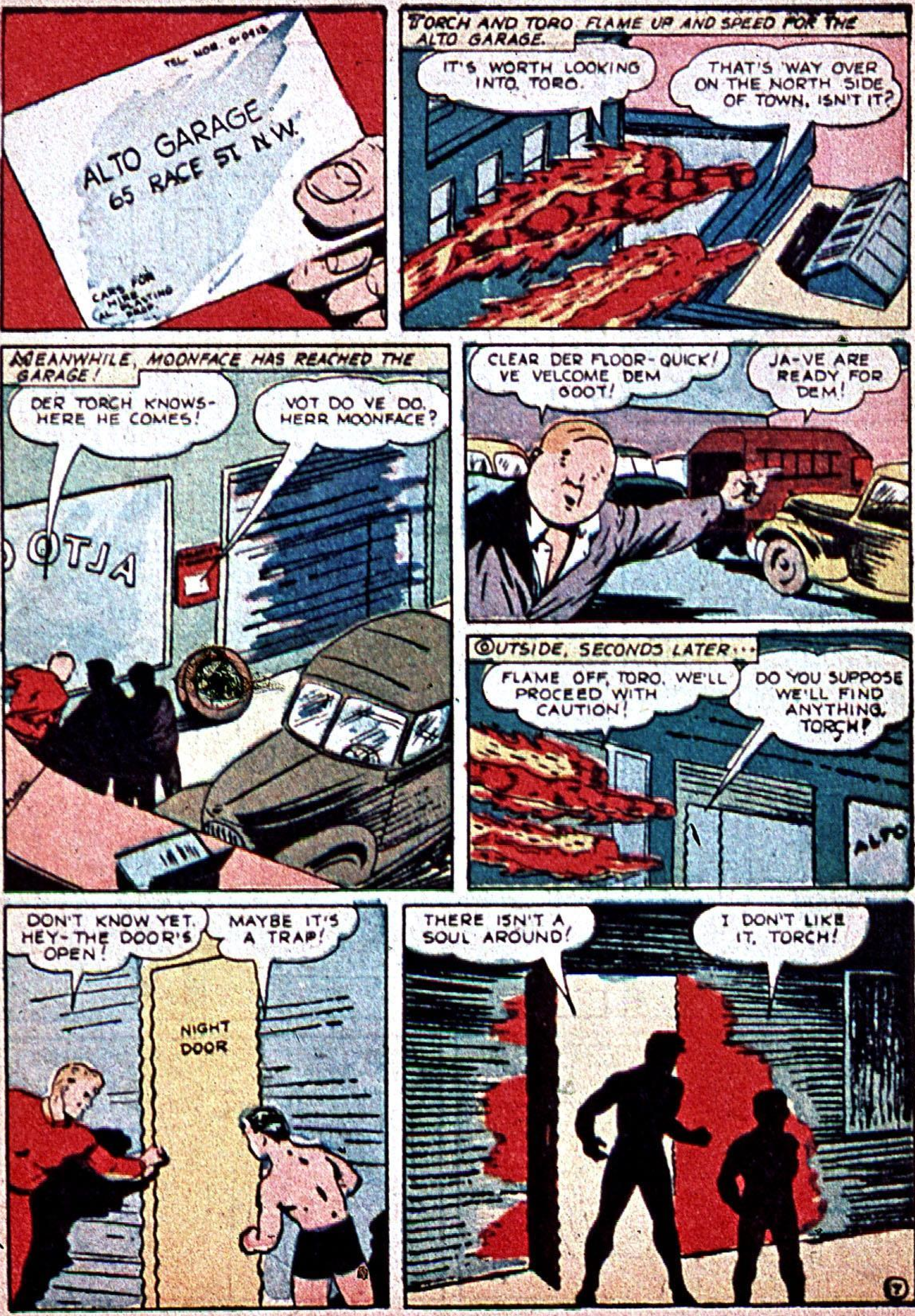

TORCH RECEIVES A PHONE CALL FROM THE WHITE HOUSE!
TORO! THAT WAS STEPHEN EARLY- SECRETARY TO THE PRESIDENT. WE'RE GOING TO GET A CITATION!
WE ARE? WELL, GEE! WHAT ARE WE WAITING FOR?
THE FLAMING DUO HEAD TOWARD WASHINGTON IMMEDIATELY.
TORO, DO YOU REALIZE HOW MUCH OF AN HONOR THIS IS?
SURE! AND JUST WAIT TILL THE KIDS IN SCHOOL HEAR ABOUT IT!
AND IN A REPAIR TRUCK IN THE CAPITOL CITY...
LOOK! IT SAYS HERE DOT DER TORCH IS TO GET A MEDAL FOR HIS ACTIVITIES AGAINST DER NAZIES! HMM- TODAY AT FOUR—
GET OUT DER TOOLS - DIS IS DER PLACE.
JA, HERR MOONFACE!
HURRY, DOLTS! VE HAVE NOT SO MUCH TIME. IN FOUR HOURS, NOW, VE MUST ACT!
DANGER MEN AT WORK
THE NAZI AGENTS SLIP DOWN INTO THE UNDERGROUND CONDUIT...
JA! HERE IS DER PLACE! GIVE ME DER BOX- I VANT DIS PLEASURE, MYSELF!
HERE IS DER BOX- IT IS HEAVY!
AHH! TORCH VILL NOT STOP DIS! DER DEATH OF AMERICA LIES IN DIS BOX! HAND ME DER CUTTERS UND I MAKE DER PROPER ARRANGEMENTS FOR DER GREAT MOMENT!
3

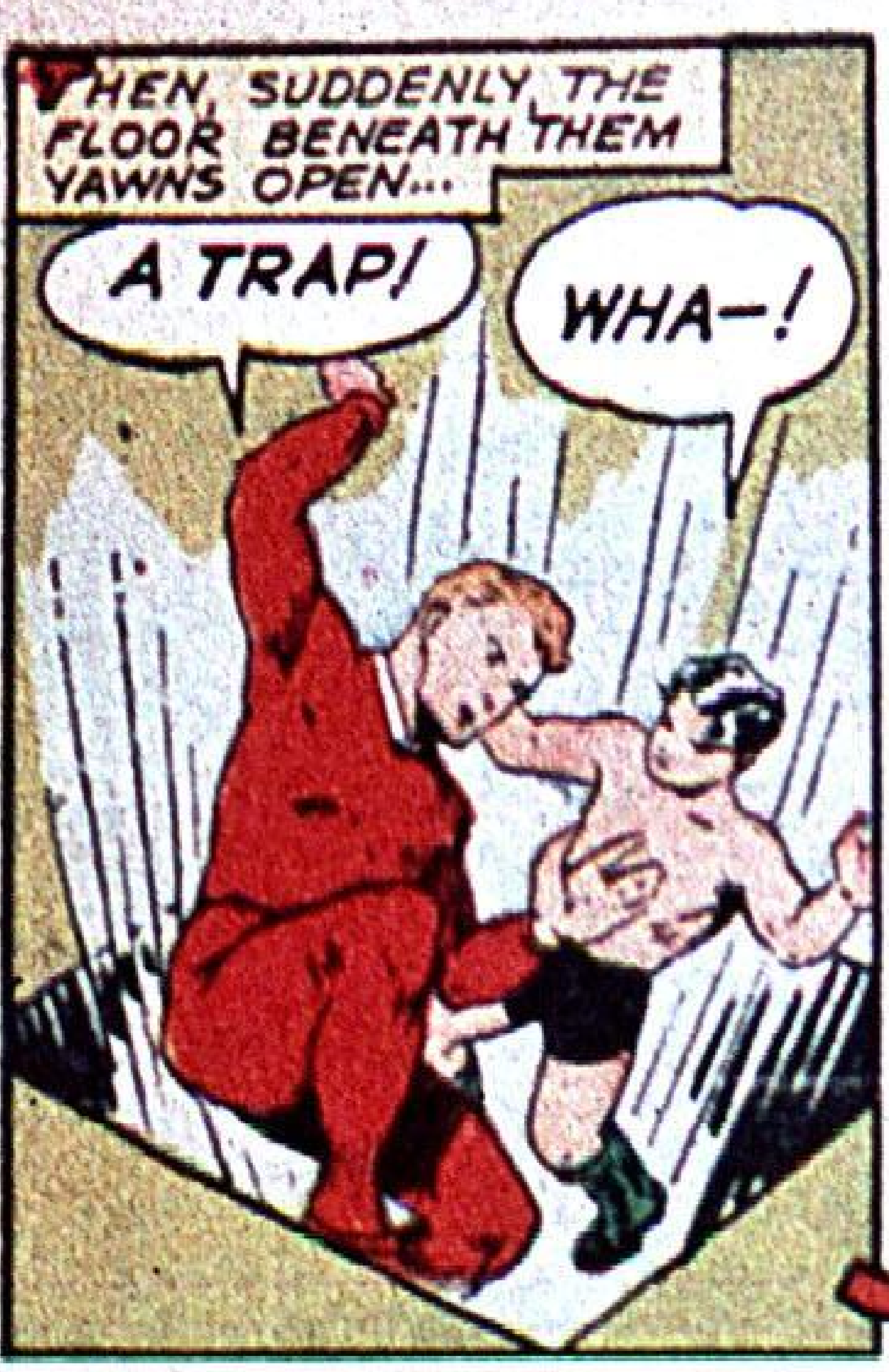

THE CONFIDENT NAZI SKILFULLY BARES THE MAIN ELECTRIC CABLES.
NOW– DER SOLDERING IRON! QUICK!
AND SOLDERS WIRES FROM THE BOX TO THE EXPOSED CABLES.
DERE– A GOOT JOB! NOW, VE SET DER OTHER BOXES! DIS VUN I VANTED TO FIX, MYSELF.
VUN BOX GOES UNDER DER VAR DEPARTMENT BUILDING! ANOTHER FIXES DER NAVY BUILDING.-- GO NOW. YOU HAVE YOUR ORDERS. I MEET YOU LATER, AT HEADQUARTERS!
JA.--BUT, HERR MOONFACE, HOW DO VE SET DER BOMBS OFF?
DUMKOPF! VEN I VANT DER CITY TO GO UP, I MAKE A LITTLE SHORT CIRCUIT UND, POOF!– IT GOES UP! NOW, GET ON MIT DER WORK!
MEANWHILE...
WE'RE A LITTLE EARLY, TORO. IT'S ONLY ONE O'CLOCK.
GOOD! WE HAVE TIME TO LOOK AROUND!
ALL RIGHT. HOW ABOUT VISITING THE AMERICAN STATESMEN AND HEROES?
FINE!
GOOT! DER TORCH IS ALREADY HERE!
AND, AS TORCH AND TORO START INTO THE CAPITOL BUILDING, MOONFACE EMERGES FROM THE UNDERGROUND PASSAGE IN TIME TO SEE THEM.
3

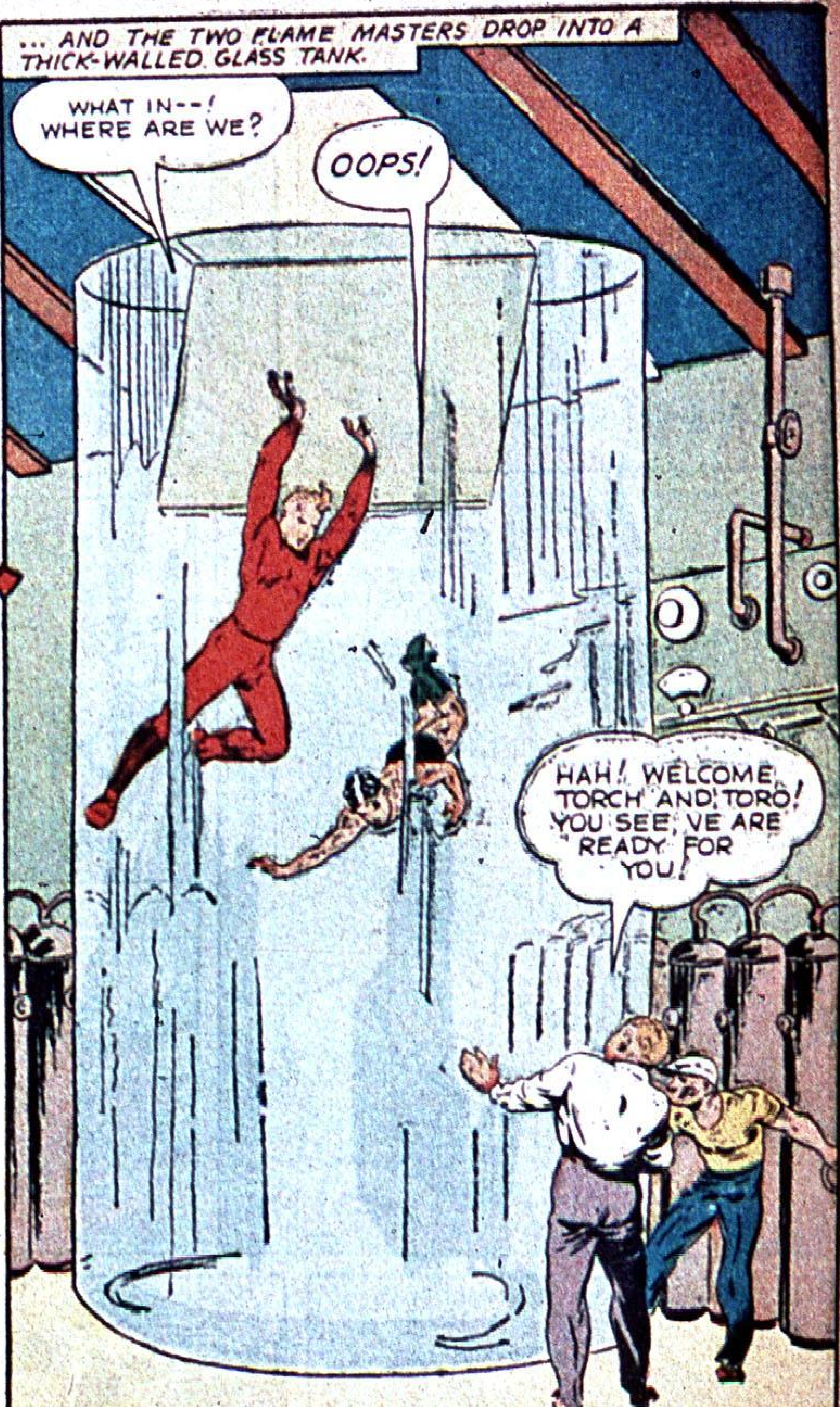

IF I KILL THOSE FLAMING FREAKS NOW, I'LL FEEL BETTER ABOUT MY PLANS TO BLOW UP THE CITY!
THE TRUCK STARTS UP AND ROARS DOWN ON TORCH AND TORO.
DIS IS TOO IMPORTANT TO LET THEM INTERFERE!
TORO SEES THE APPROACHING TRUCK.
TORCH! LOOK OUT!
HUH?
THE FLAME-MEN LEAP INTO THE SKY— AND SAFETY!
BAH! I MISSED DEM!
THAT WAS NO ACCIDENT, TORO. GIVE HIM HOT TIRES!
IF YOU SAY SO, TORCH!
TORO DIRECTS A BARRAGE OF FIRE-BALLS AT THE TRUCK...
ASHE ST
PAINLESS DENTISTRY
FINE FEATHERS
SHROTTER SOAP
I'LL SAVE THE RUBBER, TORCH, AND STOP HIM MY OWN WAY!

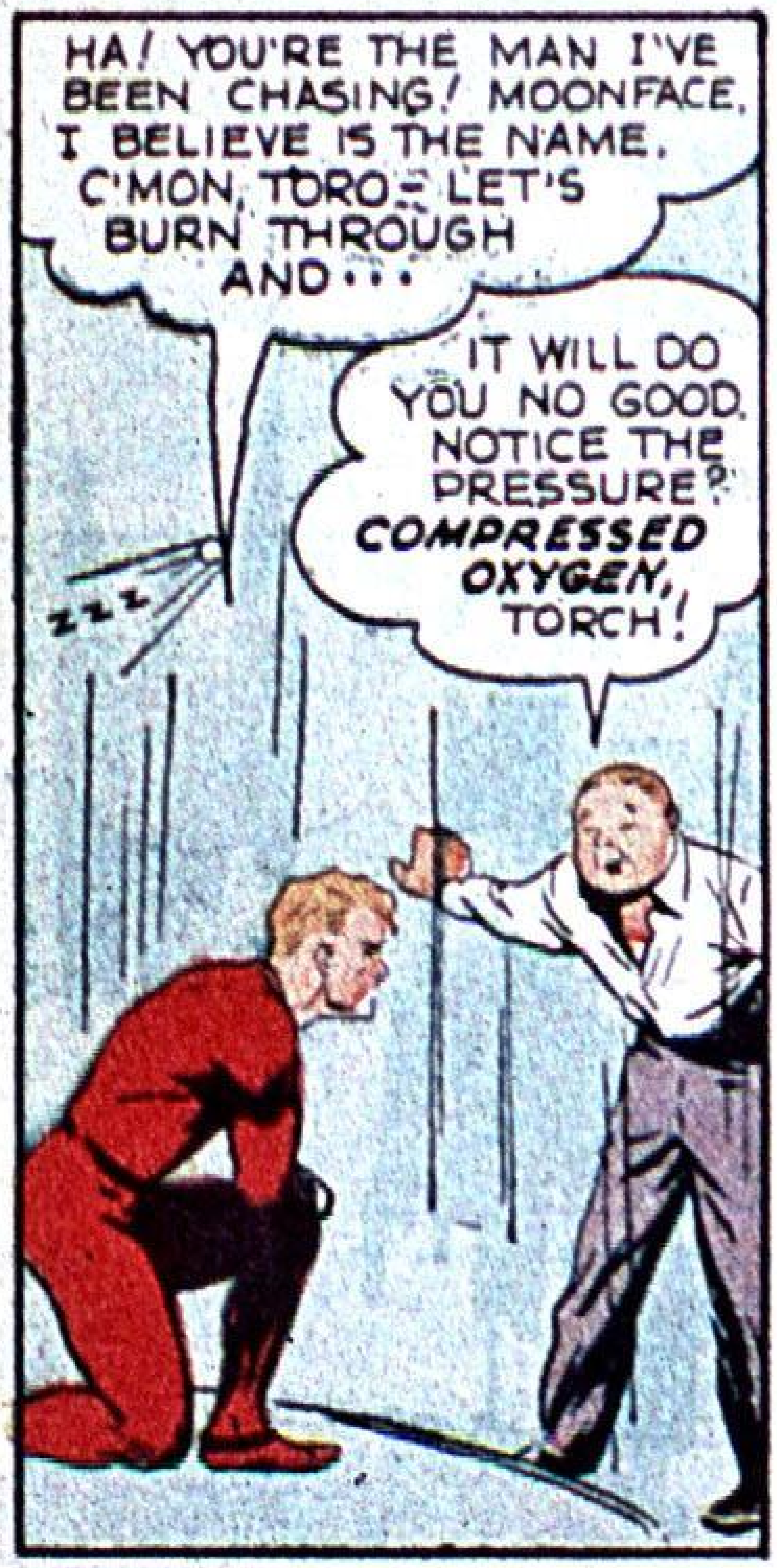

BUT, MOONFACE HAS LEAPED OUT OF THE CAB, LEAVING A LUCKLESS ASSISTANT TO TAKE THE BLAME.
DOT IDIOT-- HE VILL TALK TOO MUCH IF I DON'T STOP HIM!
A SHOT RINGS OUT...
YAHRR—NO—NO, MOONFACE! OOH!
SOME ONE TOOK A SHOT AT HIM!
HOLY SMOKES!
DID YOU SEE WHERE IT CAME FROM?
NO- BUT I THINK IT WAS FIRED BY SOME ONE NAMED MOONFACE!
SAY, TORCH- LOOK! SOME ONE'S HIDING IN THERE!
IT'S THE SNIPER-- LET'S GO!
CURSE DOT BRAT!
BUS STOP
THIS TIME YOU WON'T GET AWAY!
DER SEWER! DOT'S MY ONLY CHANCE!
GOSH! MOONFACE IS RIGHT!
THE NAZI DUCKS DOWN INTO THE UNDERGROUND PASSAGES HE KNOWS SO WELL... AND TORCH FOLLOWS.
WHAT A RAT-HOLE! I'LL NEVER FIND HIM HERE! HE MIGHT HAVE GONE A DOZEN WAYS...
5

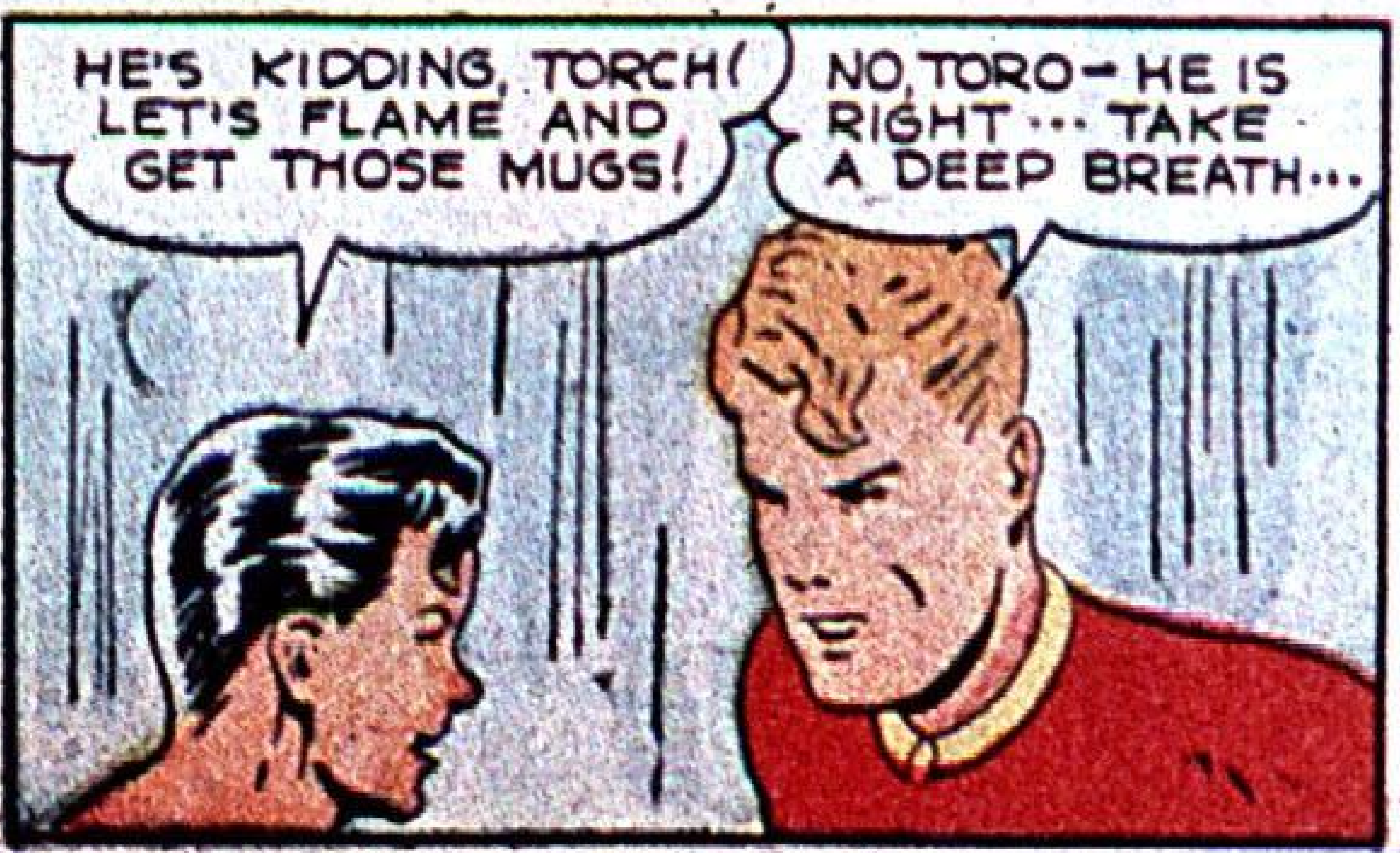

HE GOT AWAY, TORO. TOO MANY TUNNELS DOWN THERE.
TOUGH LUCK!
I WONDER WHAT HE WAS UP TO?
I DON'T KNOW- BUT I'M SURE OF ONE THING. HE WAS OUT TO KILL US. I'D SAY HE KNEW THOSE SEWER PASSAGES WELL, AND THEY ALL LEAD TO IMPORTANT BUILDINGS!
I'M GOING TO CALL THE ELECTRICAL MAINTENANCE COMPANY AND CHECK ON THAT TRUCK.
BELL TELEPHONE
YES, TORCH. --- I WANT SOME INFORMATION ON THE REPAIRS BEING MADE AROUND THE CAPITOL BUILDING.
WHAT? NONE! ARE YOU SURE? --- THANK YOU- GOODBYE!
TORO, THOSE MEN ARE PHONIES --- I THINK WE'RE ABOUT TO UNCOVER SOME EVIL PLOT!
LET'S SEARCH THIS FELLOW!
CIGAR
A THOROUGH SEARCH REVEALS---
WHAT'S THAT?
A BUSINESS CARD-
6

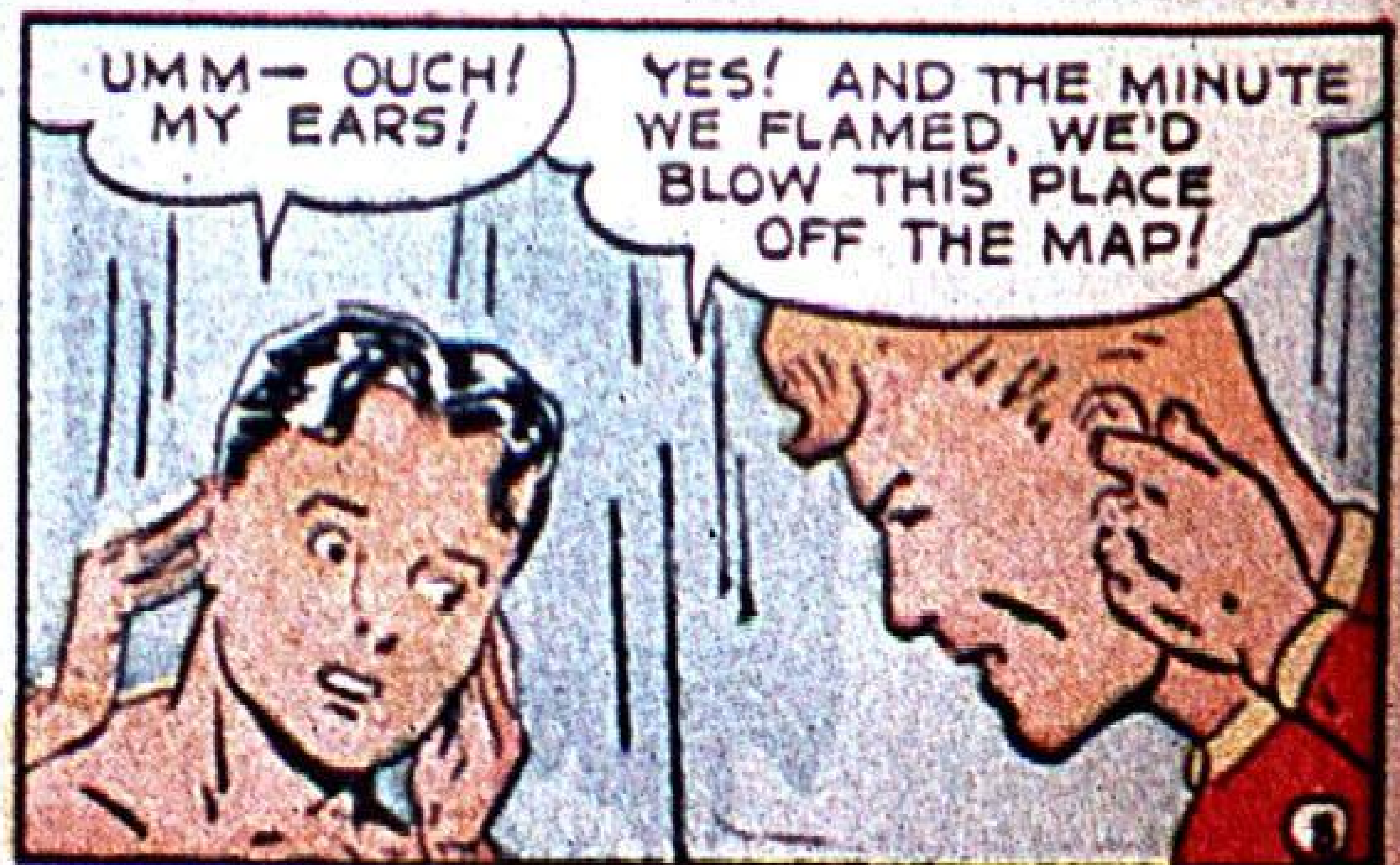

ALTO GARAGE
65 RACE ST N.W.
TEL. NOR. 6-0413
CARS FOR HIRE
TORCH AND TORO FLAME UP AND SPEED FOR THE ALTO GARAGE.
IT'S WORTH LOOKING INTO, TORO.
THAT'S WAY OVER ON THE NORTH SIDE OF TOWN, ISN'T IT?
MEANWHILE, MOONFACE HAS REACHED THE GARAGE!
DER TORCH KNOWS- HERE HE COMES!
VOT DO VE DO, HERR MOONFACE?
ALTO
CLEAR DER FLOOR-QUICK! VE VELCOME DEM GOOT!
JA-VE ARE READY FOR DEM!
OUTSIDE, SECONDS LATER...
FLAME OFF, TORO. WE'LL PROCEED WITH CAUTION!
DO YOU SUPPOSE WE'LL FIND ANYTHING, TORCH?
ALTO
DON'T KNOW YET. HEY-THE DOOR'S OPEN!
MAYBE IT'S A TRAP!
NIGHT DOOR
THERE ISN'T A SOUL AROUND!
I DON'T LIKE IT, TORCH!

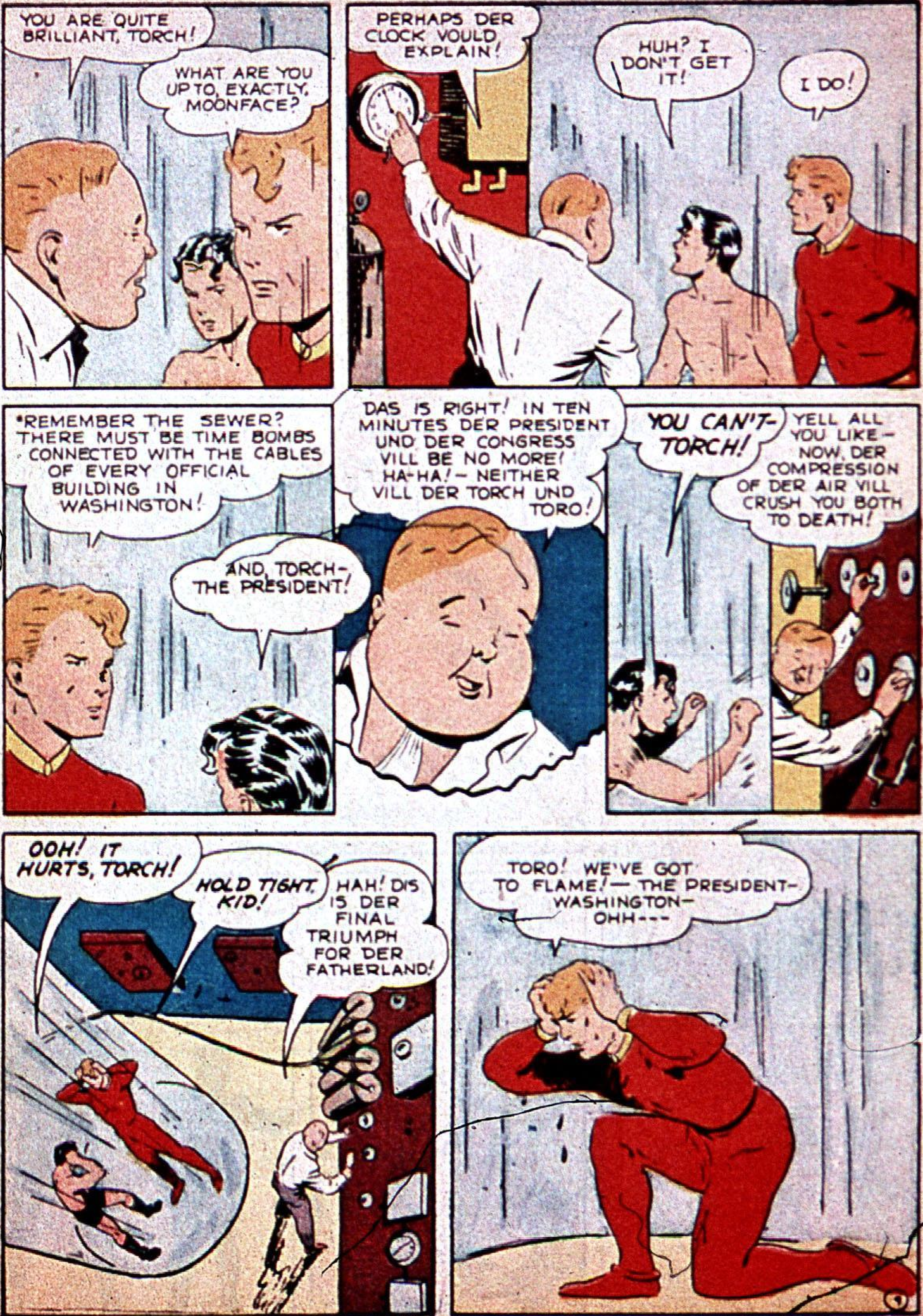

THEN, SUDDENLY THE FLOOR BENEATH THEM YAWNS OPEN...
A TRAP!
WHA-!

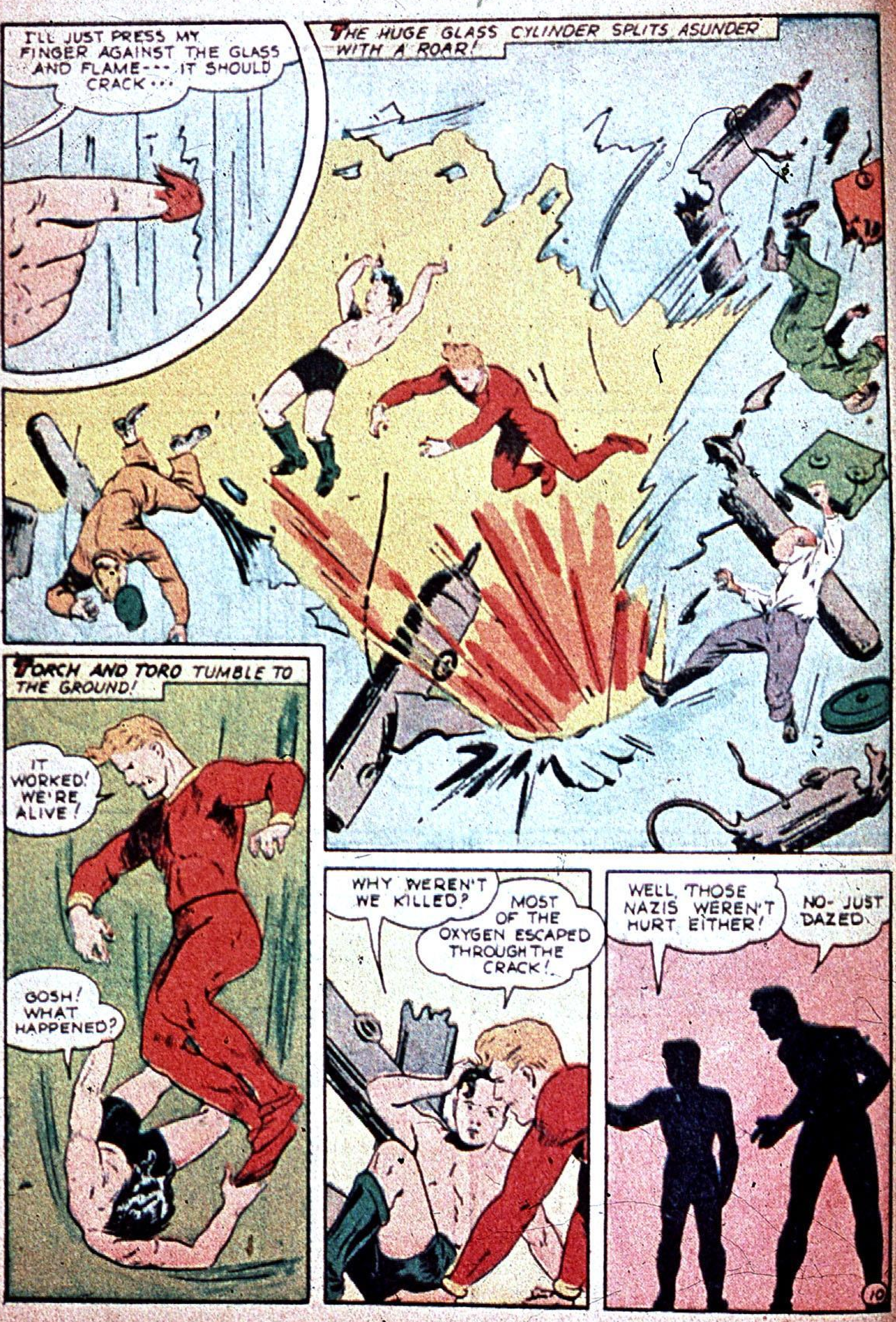

... AND THE TWO FLAME MASTERS DROP INTO A THICK-WALLED GLASS TANK.
WHAT IN--! WHERE ARE WE?
OOPS!
HAH! WELCOME, TORCH AND TORO! YOU SEE, VE ARE READY FOR YOU!

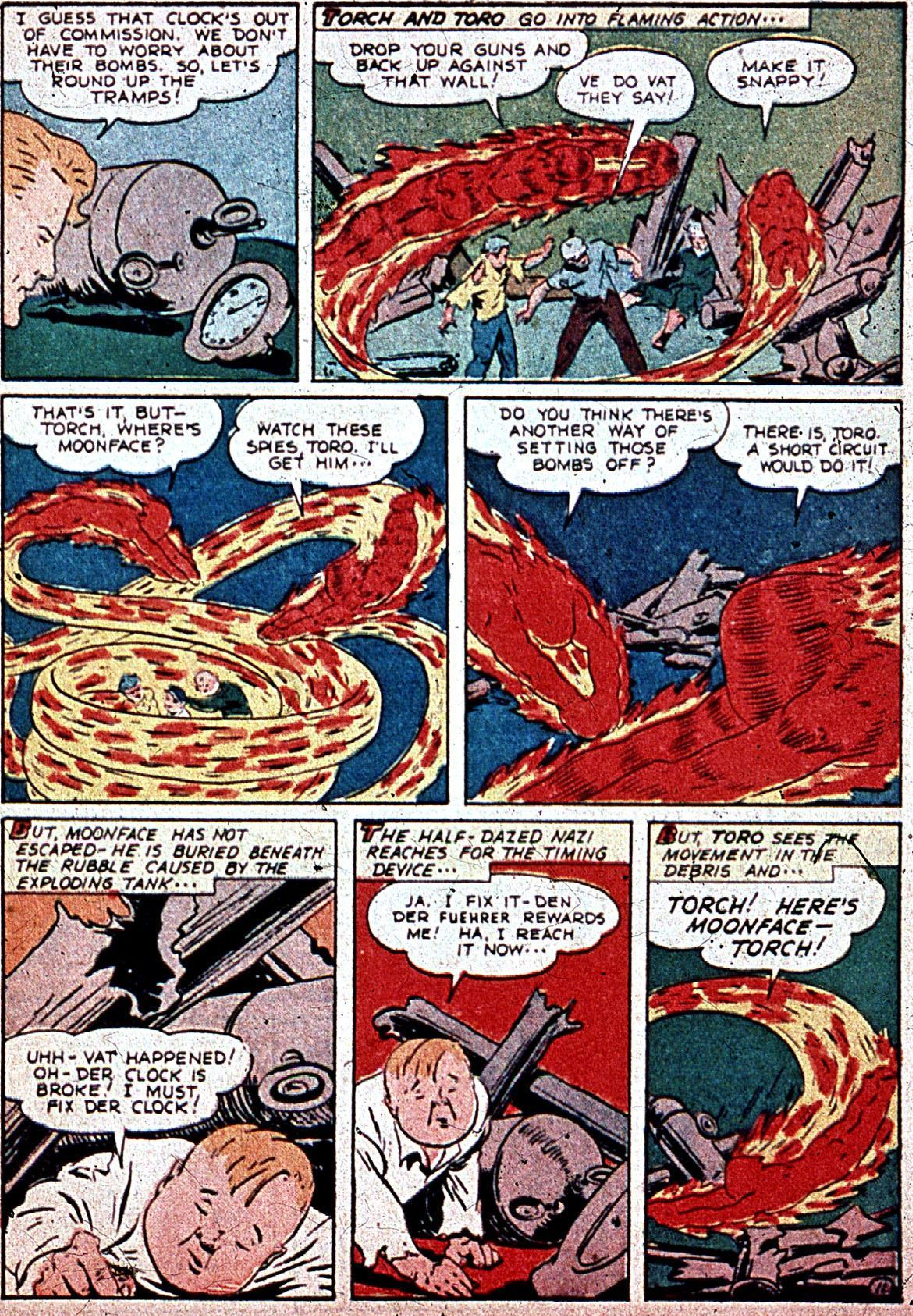

HA! YOU'RE THE MAN I'VE BEEN CHASING! MOONFACE, I BELIEVE IS THE NAME. C'MON, TORO - LET'S BURN THROUGH AND...
IT WILL DO YOU NO GOOD. NOTICE THE PRESSURE? COMPRESSED OXYGEN, TORCH!
ZZZ

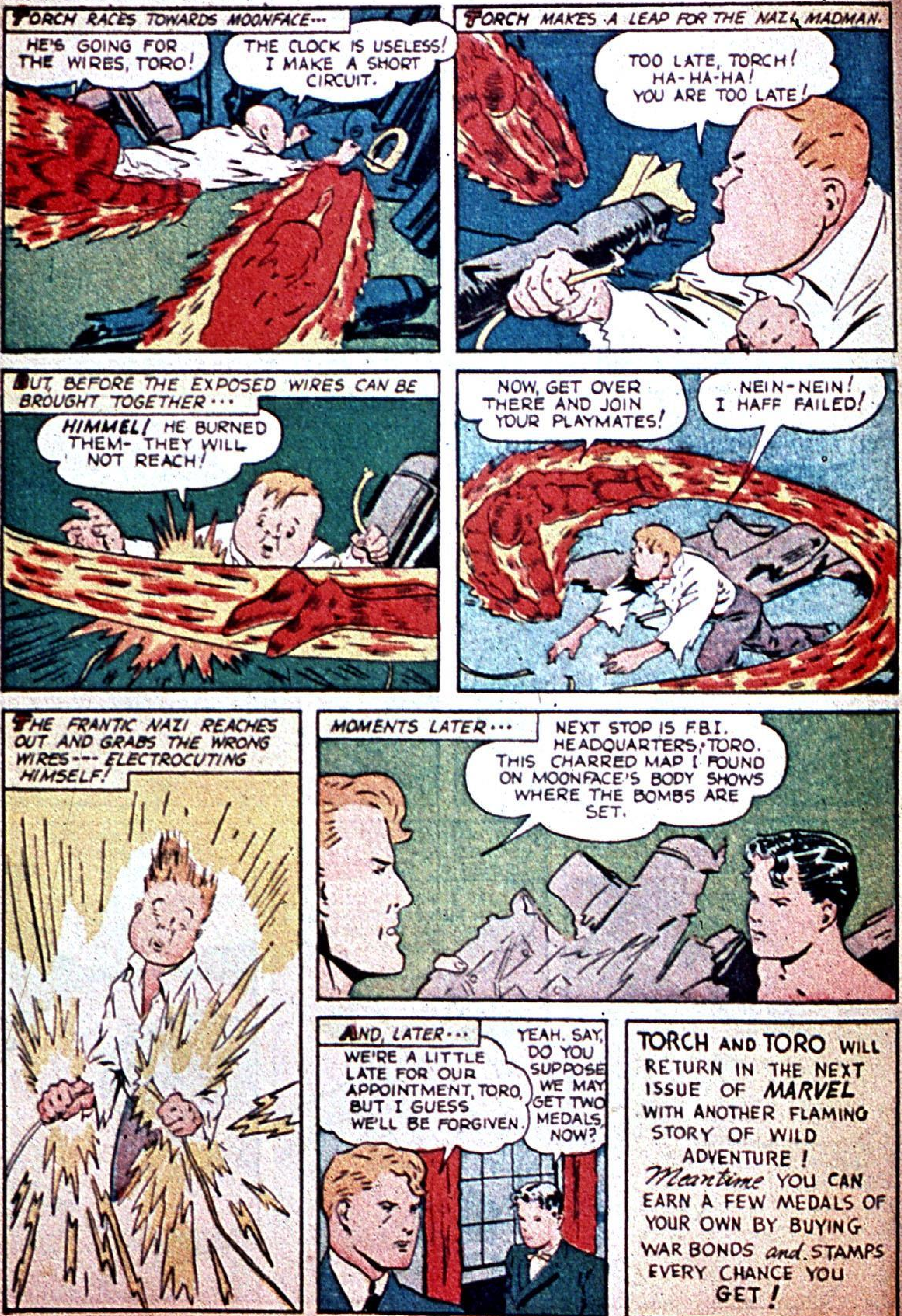

HE'S KIDDING, TORCH! LET'S FLAME AND GET THOSE MUGS!
NO, TORO - HE IS RIGHT... TAKE A DEEP BREATH...

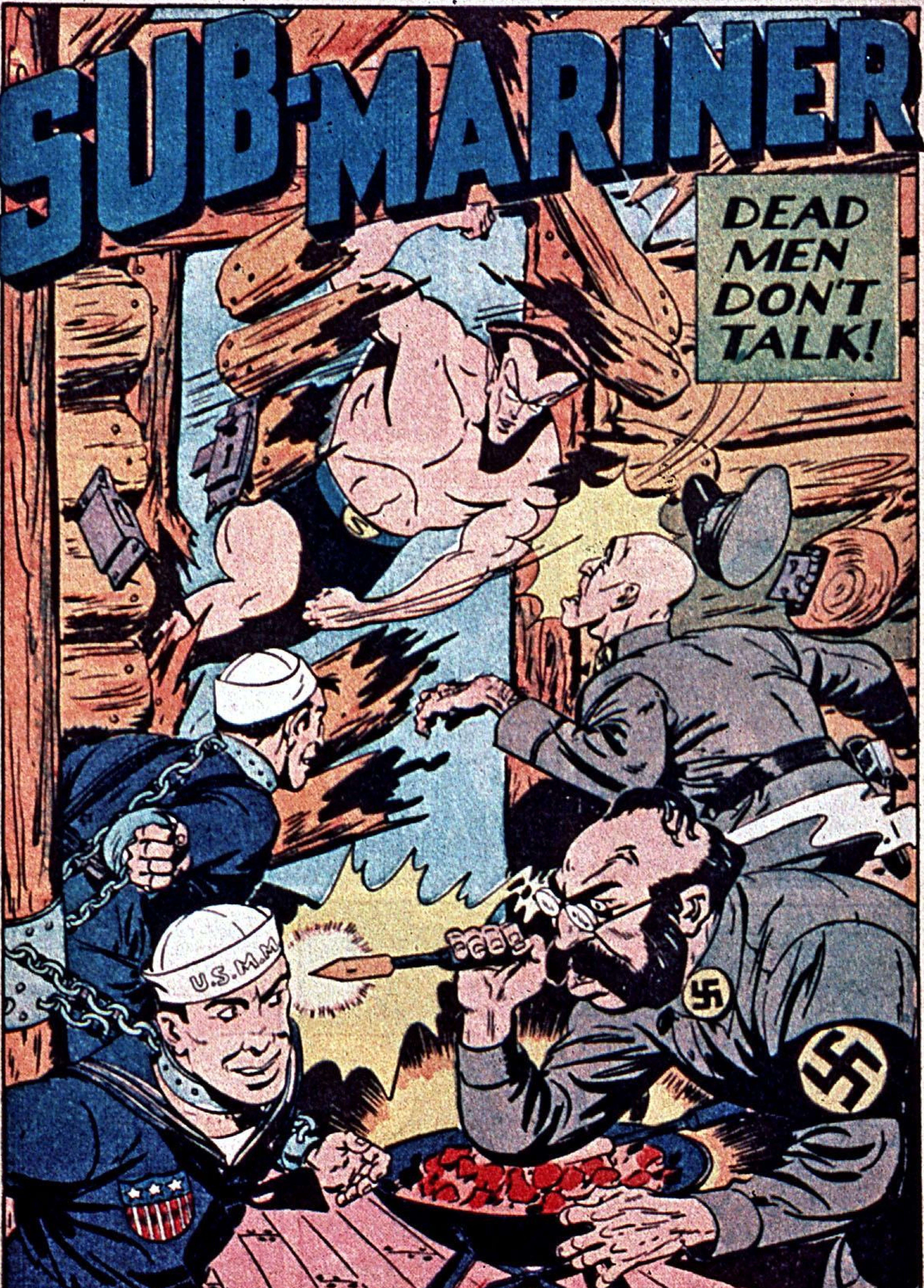

UMM - OUCH! MY EARS!
YES! AND THE MINUTE WE FLAMED, WE'D BLOW THIS PLACE OFF THE MAP!

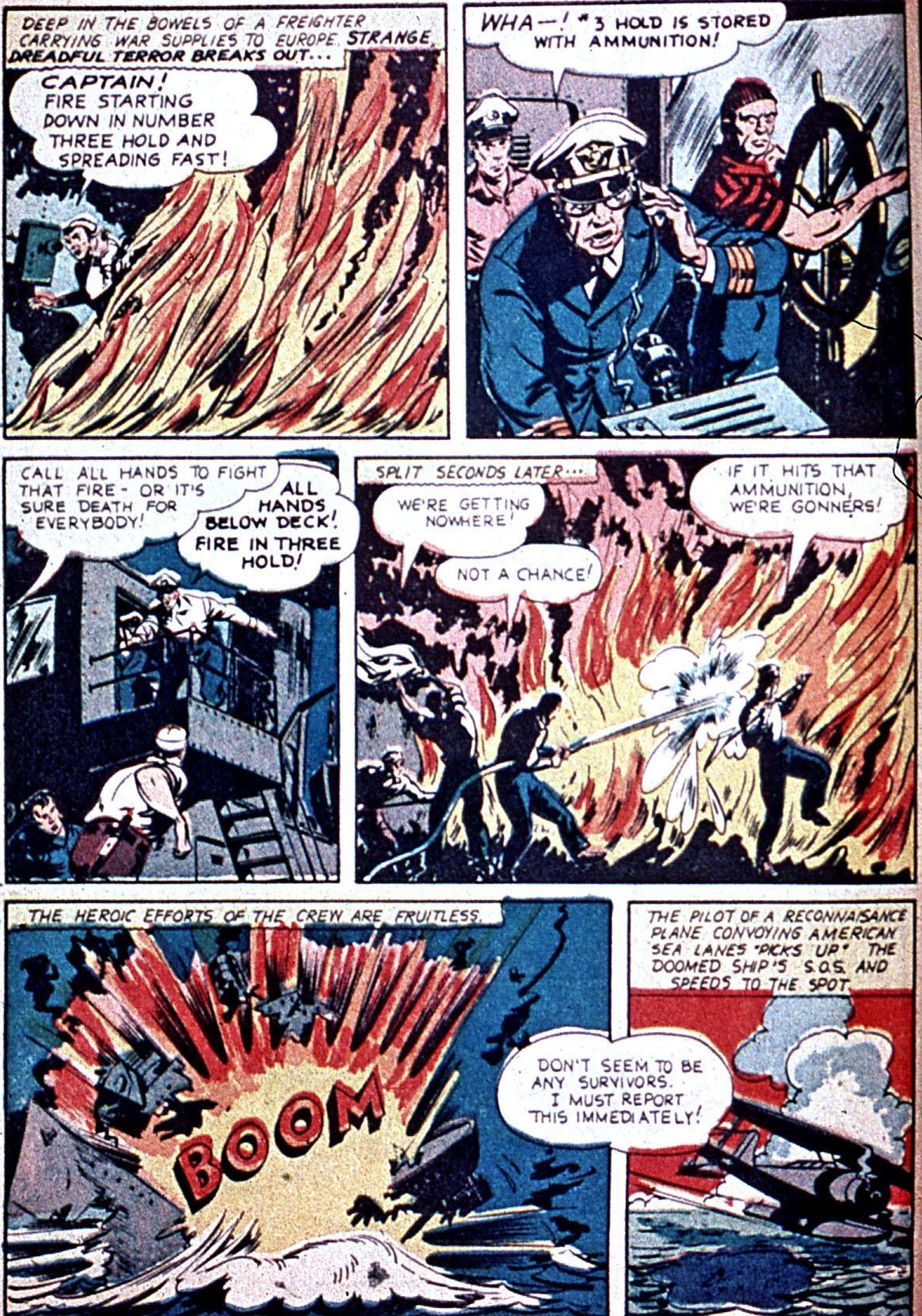

YOU ARE QUITE BRILLIANT, TORCH!
WHAT ARE YOU UP TO, EXACTLY, MOONFACE?
PERHAPS DER CLOCK VOULD EXPLAIN!
HUH? I DON'T GET IT!
I DO!
*REMEMBER THE SEWER? THERE MUST BE TIME BOMBS CONNECTED WITH THE CABLES OF EVERY OFFICIAL BUILDING IN WASHINGTON!
AND, TORCH- THE PRESIDENT!
DAS IS RIGHT! IN TEN MINUTES DER PRESIDENT UND DER CONGRESS VILL BE NO MORE! HA-HA! - NEITHER VILL DER TORCH UND TORO!
YOU CAN'T- TORCH!
YELL ALL YOU LIKE- NOW, DER COMPRESSION OF DER AIR VILL CRUSH YOU BOTH TO DEATH!
OOH! IT HURTS, TORCH!
HOLD TIGHT, KID!
HAH! DIS IS DER FINAL TRIUMPH FOR DER FATHERLAND!
TORO! WE'VE GOT TO FLAME! — THE PRESIDENT- WASHINGTON- OHH---

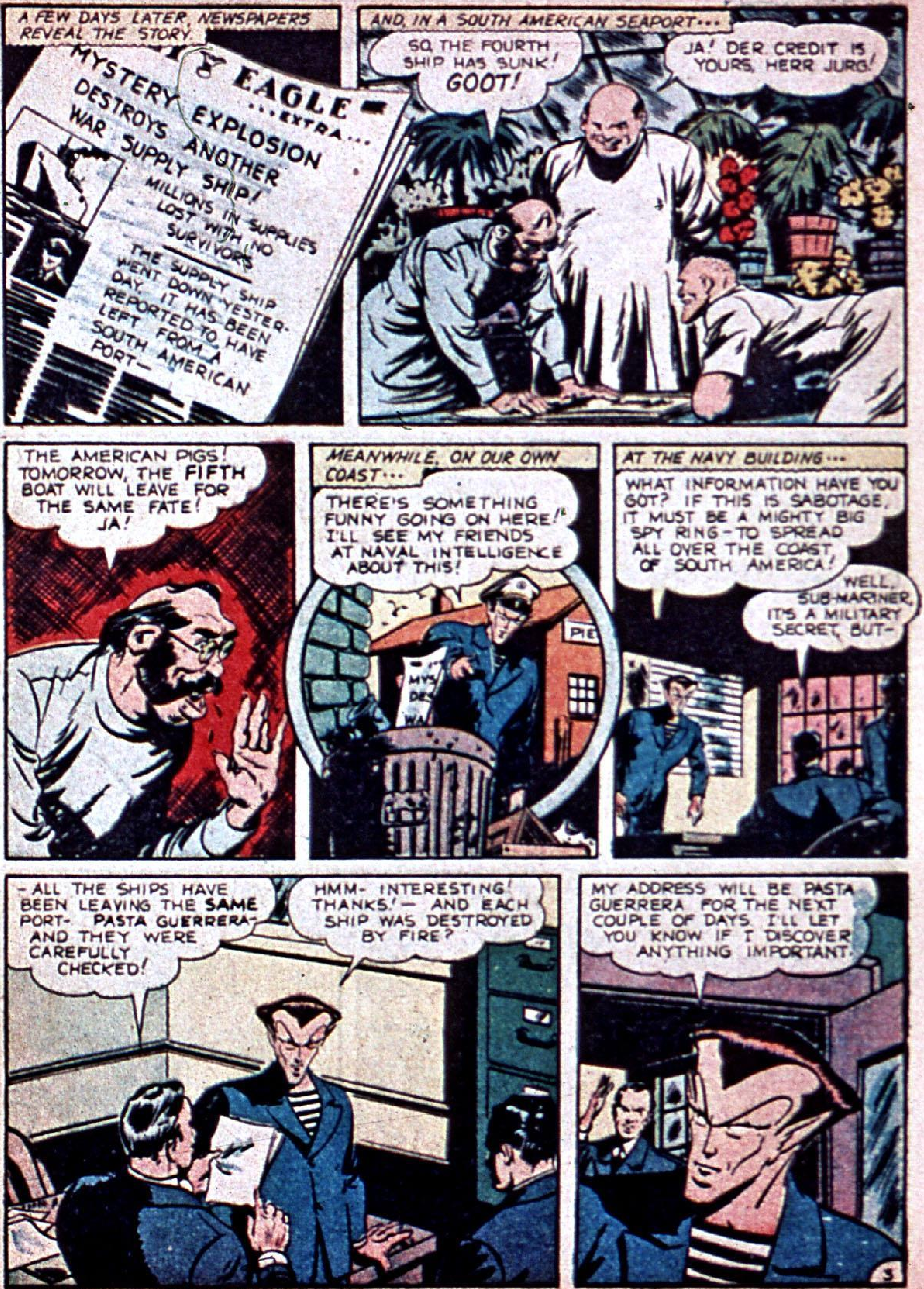

I'LL JUST PRESS MY FINGER AGAINST THE GLASS AND FLAME--- IT SHOULD CRACK...
THE HUGE GLASS CYLINDER SPLITS ASUNDER WITH A ROAR!
TORCH AND TORO TUMBLE TO THE GROUND!
IT WORKED! WE'RE ALIVE!
GOSH! WHAT HAPPENED?
WHY WEREN'T WE KILLED?
MOST OF THE OXYGEN ESCAPED THROUGH THE CRACK!
WELL THOSE NAZIS WEREN'T HURT EITHER!
NO- JUST DAZED

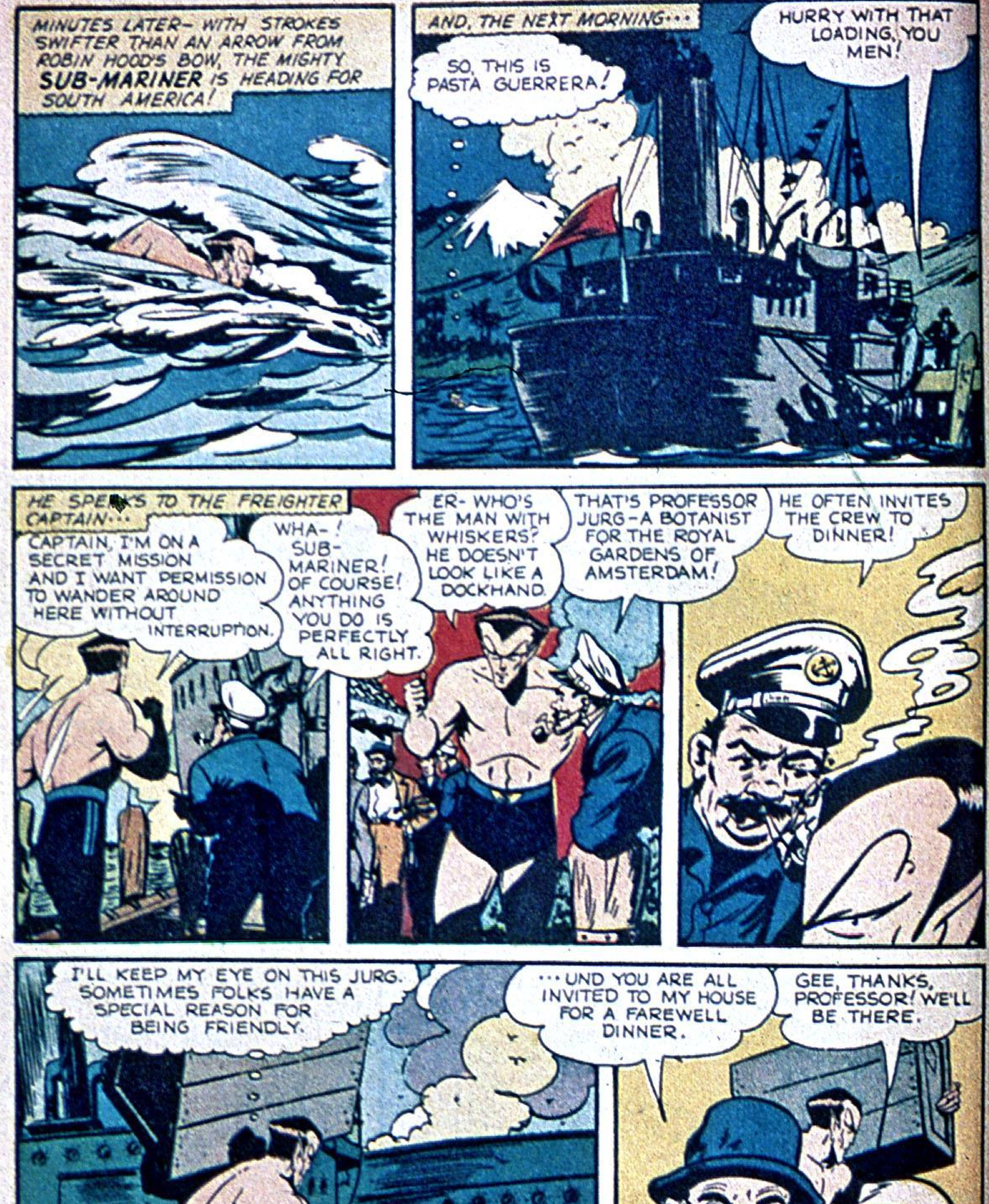

I GUESS THAT CLOCK'S OUT OF COMMISSION. WE DON'T HAVE TO WORRY ABOUT THEIR BOMBS. SO, LET'S ROUND UP THE TRAMPS!
TORCH AND TORO GO INTO FLAMING ACTION...
DROP YOUR GUNS AND BACK UP AGAINST THAT WALL!
VE DO VAT THEY SAY!
MAKE IT SNAPPY!
THAT'S IT, BUT— TORCH, WHERE'S MOONFACE?
WATCH THESE SPIES, TORO. I'LL GET HIM...
DO YOU THINK THERE'S ANOTHER WAY OF SETTING THOSE BOMBS OFF?
THERE IS, TORO. A SHORT CIRCUIT WOULD DO IT!
BUT, MOONFACE HAS NOT ESCAPED—HE IS BURIED BENEATH THE RUBBLE CAUSED BY THE EXPLODING TANK...
UHH—VAT HAPPENED! OH—DER CLOCK IS BROKE! I MUST FIX DER CLOCK!
THE HALF-DAZED NAZI REACHES FOR THE TIMING DEVICE...
JA, I FIX IT—DEN DER FUEHRER REWARDS ME! HA, I REACH IT NOW...
BUT, TORO SEES THE MOVEMENT IN THE DEBRIS AND...
TORCH! HERE'S MOONFACE— TORCH!

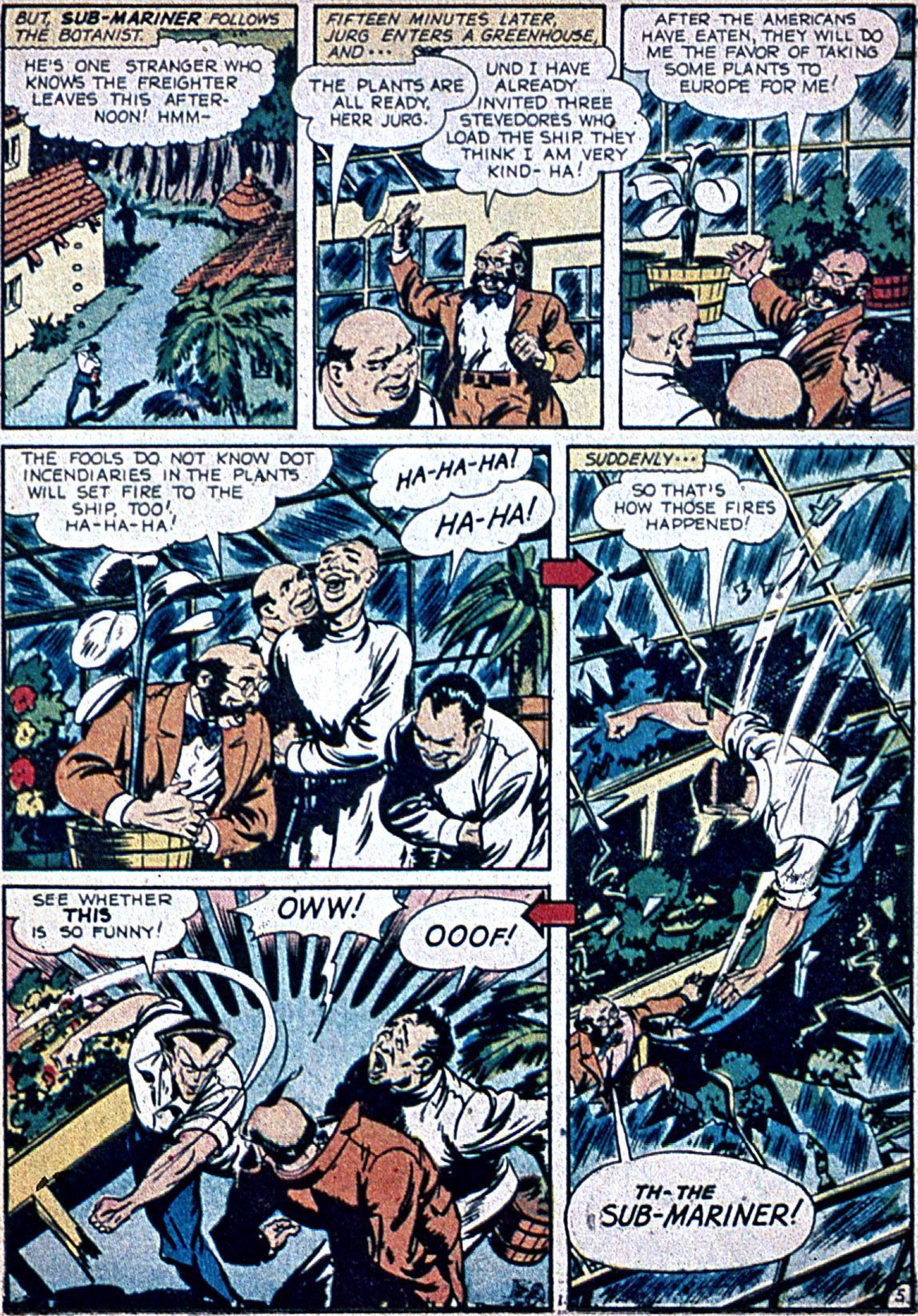

TORCH RACES TOWARDS MOONFACE...
HE'S GOING FOR THE WIRES, TORO!
THE CLOCK IS USELESS! I MAKE A SHORT CIRCUIT.
TORCH MAKES A LEAP FOR THE NAZI MADMAN.
TOO LATE, TORCH! HA-HA-HA! YOU ARE TOO LATE!
BUT, BEFORE THE EXPOSED WIRES CAN BE BROUGHT TOGETHER...
HIMMEL! HE BURNED THEM- THEY WILL NOT REACH!
NOW, GET OVER THERE AND JOIN YOUR PLAYMATES!
NEIN-NEIN! I HAFF FAILED!
THE FRANTIC NAZI REACHES OUT AND GRABS THE WRONG WIRES--- ELECTROCUTING HIMSELF!
MOMENTS LATER...
NEXT STOP IS F.B.I. HEADQUARTERS, TORO. THIS CHARRED MAP I FOUND ON MOONFACE'S BODY SHOWS WHERE THE BOMBS ARE SET.
AND, LATER...
WE'RE A LITTLE LATE FOR OUR APPOINTMENT, TORO, BUT I GUESS WE'LL BE FORGIVEN.
YEAH. SAY, DO YOU SUPPOSE WE MAY GET TWO MEDALS, NOW?
TORCH AND TORO WILL RETURN IN THE NEXT ISSUE OF MARVEL WITH ANOTHER FLAMING STORY OF WILD ADVENTURE! Meantime YOU CAN EARN A FEW MEDALS OF YOUR OWN BY BUYING WAR BONDS and STAMPS EVERY CHANCE YOU GET!

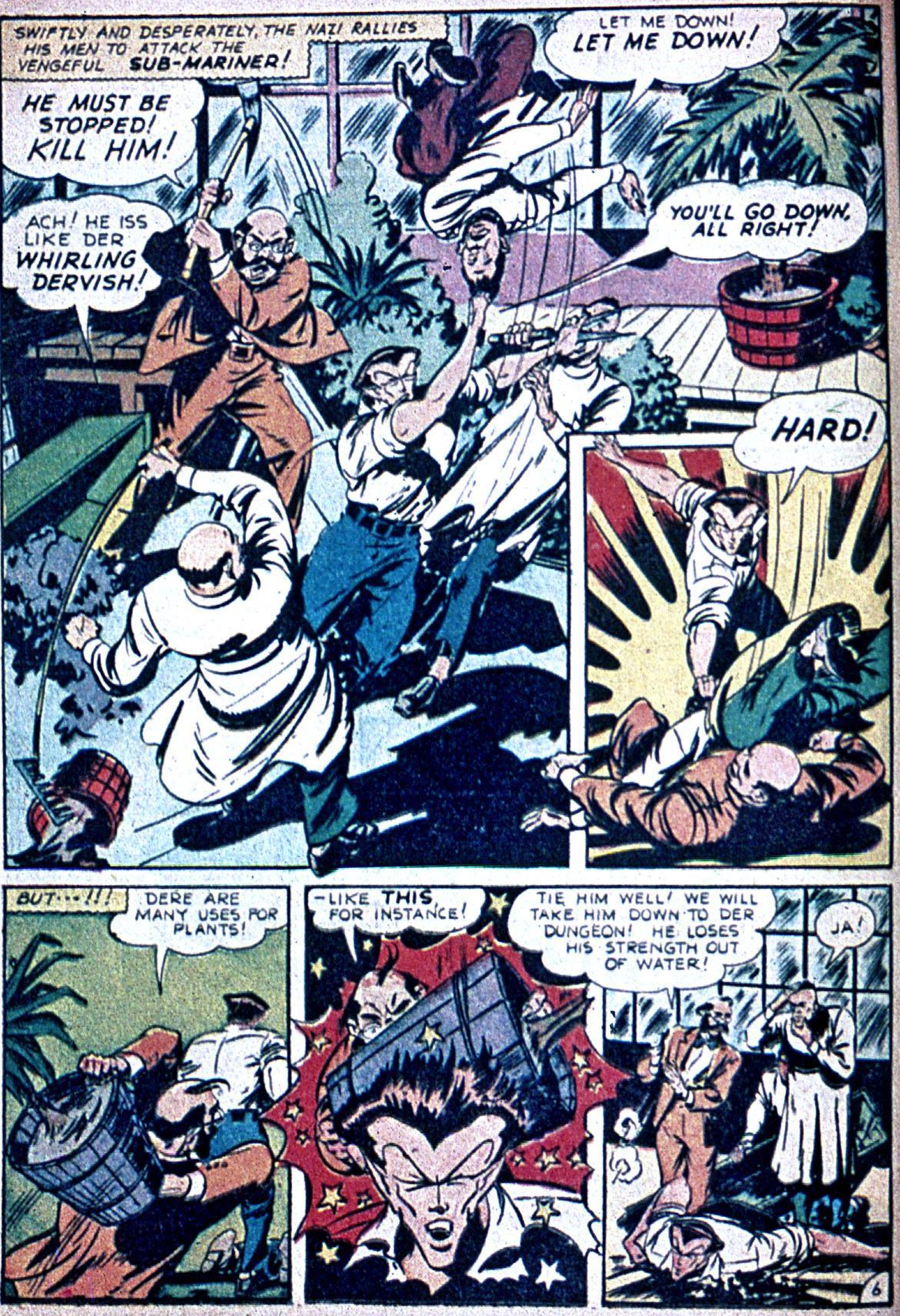

SUB-MARINER
DEAD MEN DON'T TALK!
U.S.M.M.

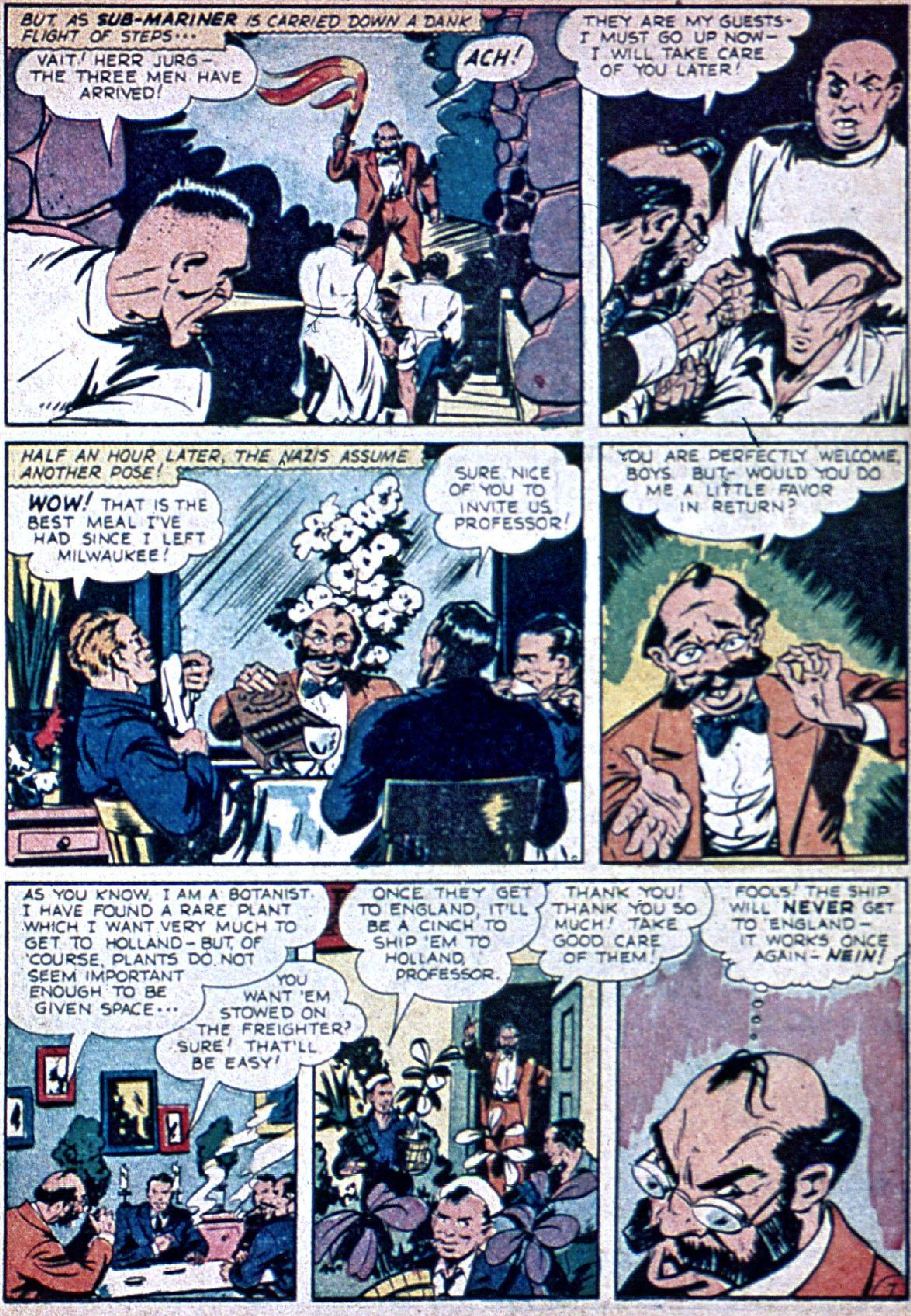

DEEP IN THE BOWELS OF A FREIGHTER CARRYING WAR SUPPLIES TO EUROPE, STRANGE, DREADFUL TERROR BREAKS OUT...
CAPTAIN! FIRE STARTING DOWN IN NUMBER THREE HOLD AND SPREADING FAST!
WHA—! #3 HOLD IS STORED WITH AMMUNITION!
CALL ALL HANDS TO FIGHT THAT FIRE - OR IT'S SURE DEATH FOR EVERYBODY!
ALL HANDS BELOW DECK! FIRE IN THREE HOLD!
SPLIT SECONDS LATER...
WE'RE GETTING NOWHERE!
IF IT HITS THAT AMMUNITION, WE'RE GONNERS!
NOT A CHANCE!
THE HEROIC EFFORTS OF THE CREW ARE FRUITLESS.
BOOM
THE PILOT OF A RECONNAISANCE PLANE CONVOYING AMERICAN SEA LANES "PICKS UP" THE DOOMED SHIP'S S.O.S. AND SPEEDS TO THE SPOT
DON'T SEEM TO BE ANY SURVIVORS. I MUST REPORT THIS IMMEDIATELY!

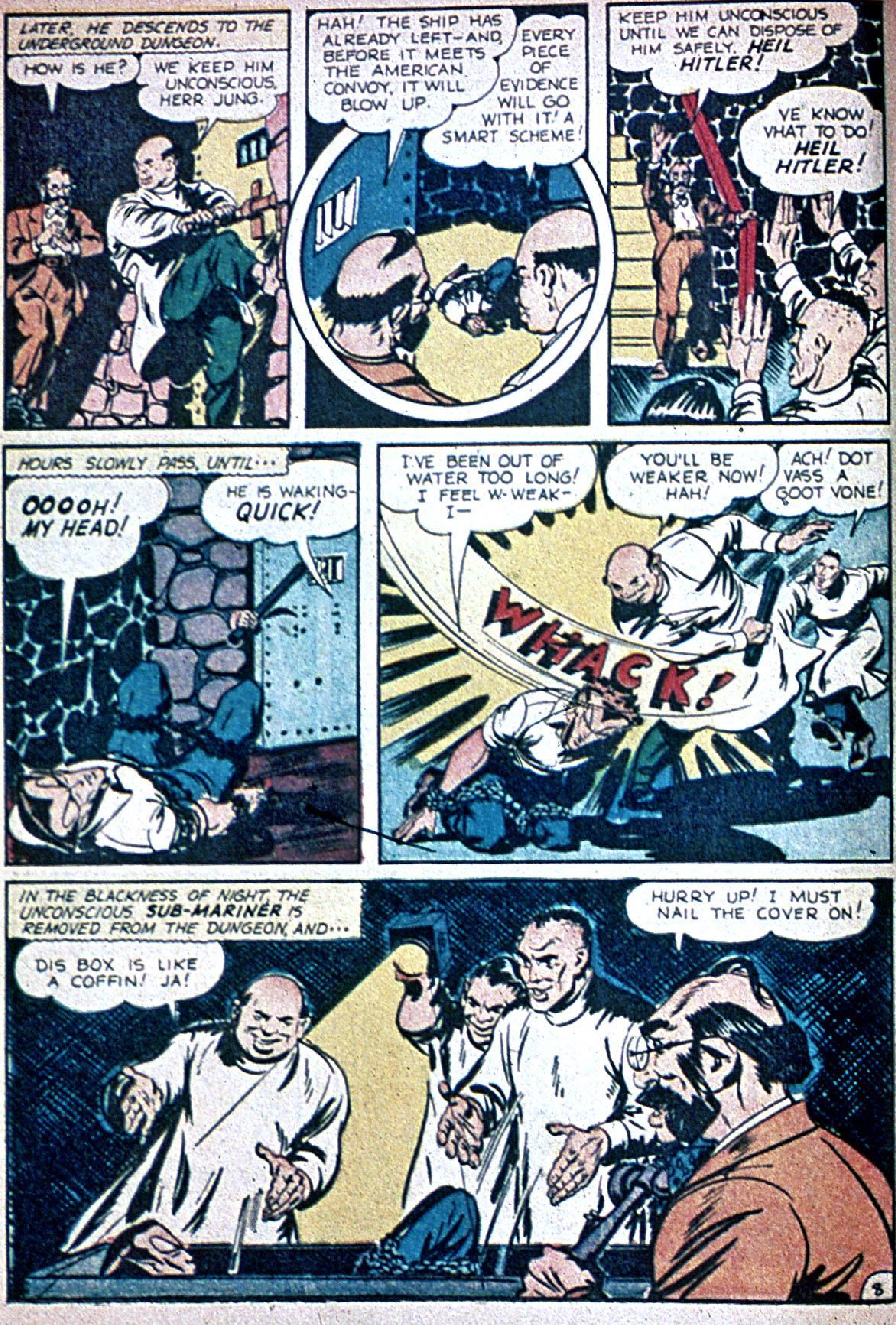

A FEW DAYS LATER, NEWSPAPERS REVEAL THE STORY.
EAGLE ...EXTRA...
MYSTERY EXPLOSION DESTROYS ANOTHER WAR SUPPLY SHIP!
MILLIONS IN SUPPLIES LOST WITH NO SURVIVORS
THE SUPPLY SHIP WENT DOWN YESTERDAY. IT HAS BEEN REPORTED TO HAVE LEFT FROM A SOUTH AMERICAN PORT—
AND, IN A SOUTH AMERICAN SEAPORT...
SO THE FOURTH SHIP HAS SUNK! GOOT!
JA! DER CREDIT IS YOURS, HERR JURG!
THE AMERICAN PIGS! TOMORROW, THE FIFTH BOAT WILL LEAVE FOR THE SAME FATE! JA!
MEANWHILE, ON OUR OWN COAST...
THERE'S SOMETHING FUNNY GOING ON HERE! I'LL SEE MY FRIENDS AT NAVAL INTELLIGENCE ABOUT THIS!
PIE
MYS DE WA
AT THE NAVY BUILDING...
WHAT INFORMATION HAVE YOU GOT? IF THIS IS SABOTAGE, IT MUST BE A MIGHTY BIG SPY RING—TO SPREAD ALL OVER THE COAST OF SOUTH AMERICA!
WELL, SUB-MARINER, IT'S A MILITARY SECRET, BUT—
—ALL THE SHIPS HAVE BEEN LEAVING THE SAME PORT— PASTA GUERRERA— AND THEY WERE CAREFULLY CHECKED!
HMM— INTERESTING! THANKS!— AND EACH SHIP WAS DESTROYED BY FIRE?
MY ADDRESS WILL BE PASTA GUERRERA FOR THE NEXT COUPLE OF DAYS. I'LL LET YOU KNOW IF I DISCOVER ANYTHING IMPORTANT.
3

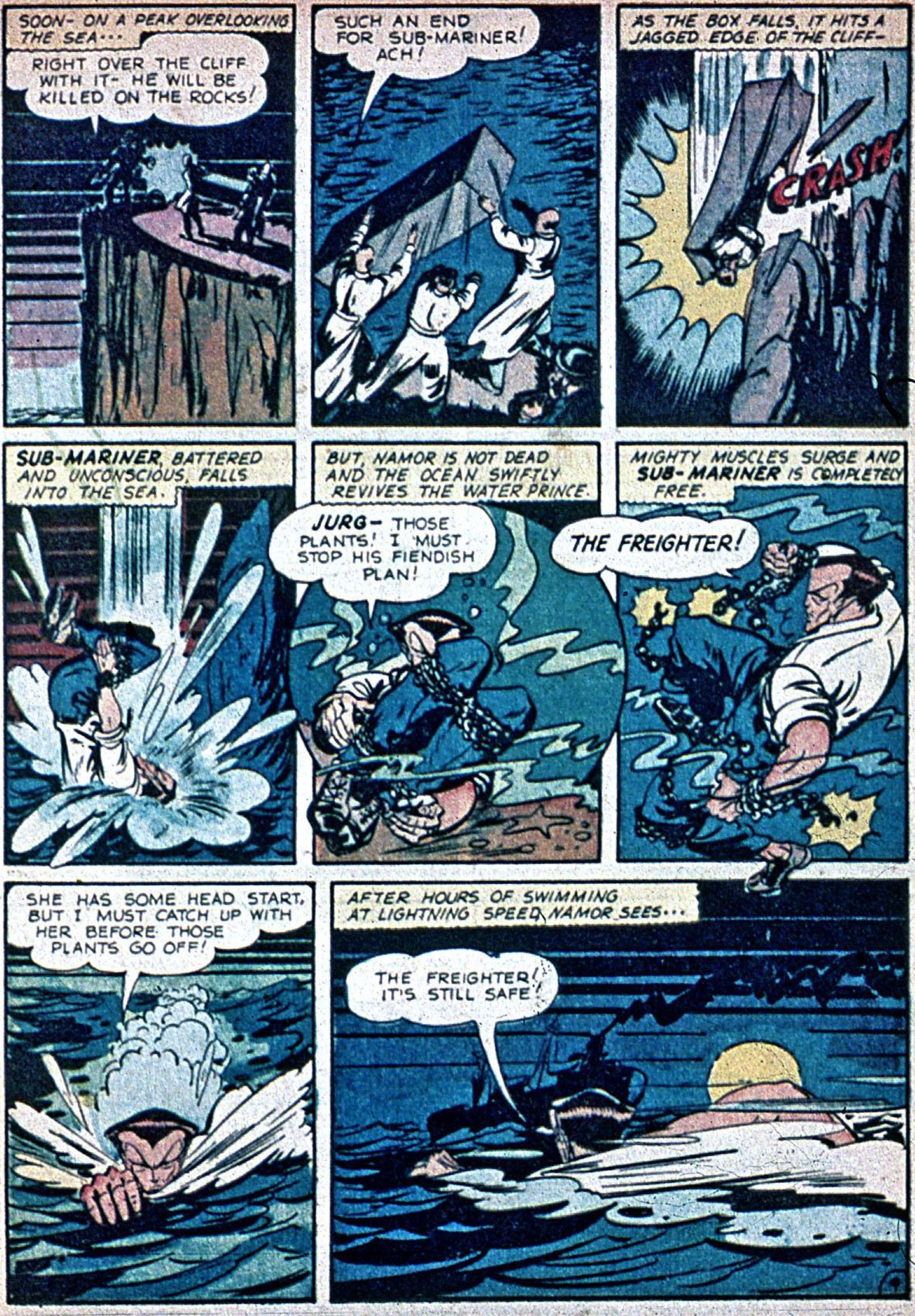

MINUTES LATER– WITH STROKES SWIFTER THAN AN ARROW FROM ROBIN HOOD'S BOW, THE MIGHTY SUB-MARINER IS HEADING FOR SOUTH AMERICA!
AND, THE NEXT MORNING···
SO, THIS IS PASTA GUERRERA!
HURRY WITH THAT LOADING, YOU MEN!
HE SPEAKS TO THE FREIGHTER CAPTAIN···
CAPTAIN, I'M ON A SECRET MISSION AND I WANT PERMISSION TO WANDER AROUND HERE WITHOUT INTERRUPTION.
WHA–! SUB-MARINER! OF COURSE! ANYTHING YOU DO IS PERFECTLY ALL RIGHT.
ER– WHO'S THE MAN WITH WHISKERS? HE DOESN'T LOOK LIKE A DOCKHAND.
THAT'S PROFESSOR JURG–A BOTANIST FOR THE ROYAL GARDENS OF AMSTERDAM!
HE OFTEN INVITES THE CREW TO DINNER!
I'LL KEEP MY EYE ON THIS JURG. SOMETIMES FOLKS HAVE A SPECIAL REASON FOR BEING FRIENDLY.
CAL. ELLS
···UND YOU ARE ALL INVITED TO MY HOUSE FOR A FAREWELL DINNER.
GEE, THANKS, PROFESSOR! WE'LL BE THERE.

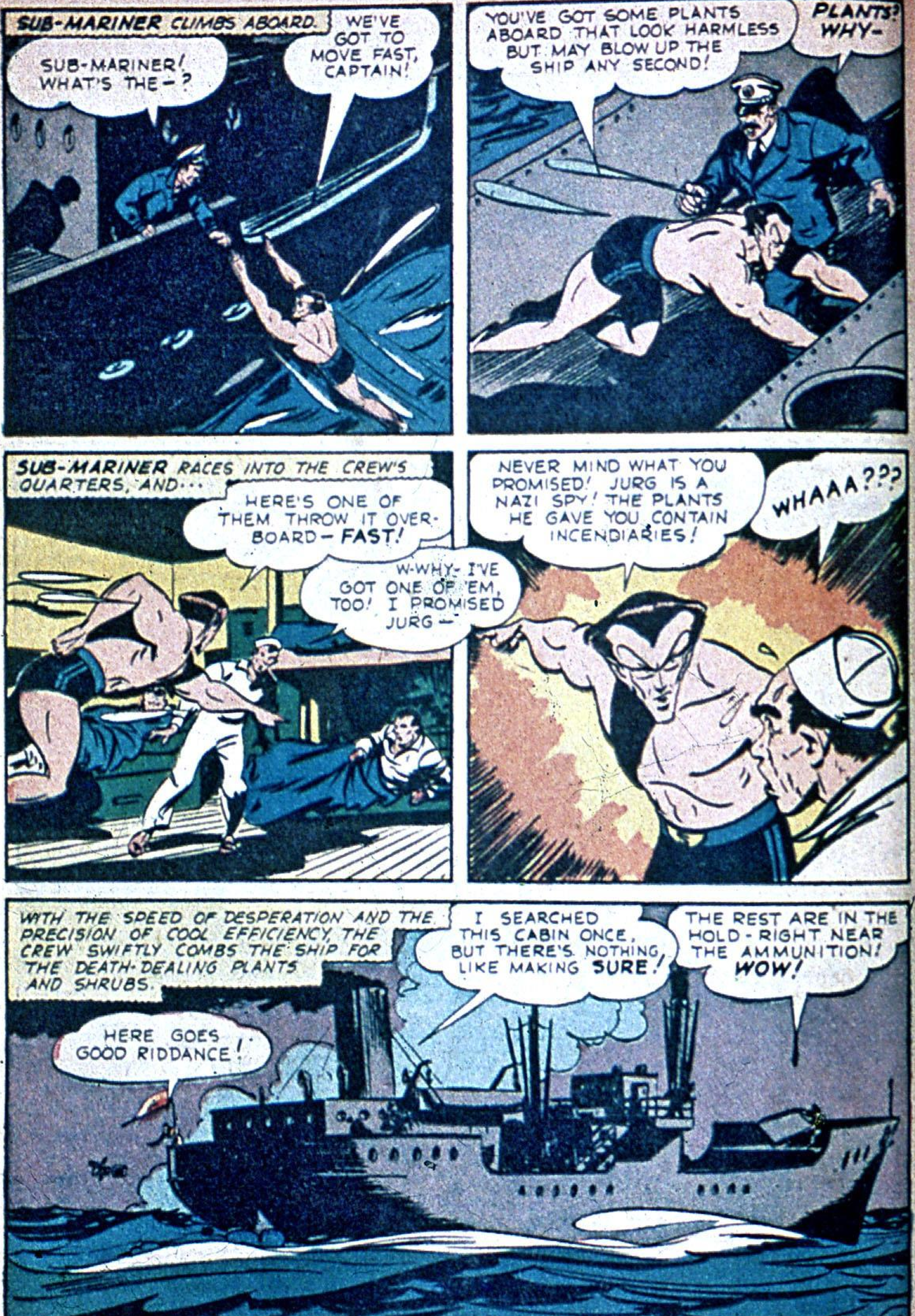

BUT, SUB-MARINER FOLLOWS THE BOTANIST.
HE'S ONE STRANGER WHO KNOWS THE FREIGHTER LEAVES THIS AFTERNOON! HMM—
FIFTEEN MINUTES LATER, JURG ENTERS A GREENHOUSE, AND • • •
THE PLANTS ARE ALL READY, HERR JURG.
UND I HAVE ALREADY INVITED THREE STEVEDORES WHO LOAD THE SHIP. THEY THINK I AM VERY KIND— HA!
AFTER THE AMERICANS HAVE EATEN, THEY WILL DO ME THE FAVOR OF TAKING SOME PLANTS TO EUROPE FOR ME!
THE FOOLS DO NOT KNOW DOT INCENDIARIES IN THE PLANTS WILL SET FIRE TO THE SHIP, TOO! HA-HA-HA!
HA-HA-HA!
HA-HA!
SUDDENLY • • •
SO THAT'S HOW THOSE FIRES HAPPENED!
TH-THE SUB-MARINER!
SEE WHETHER THIS IS SO FUNNY!
OWW!
OOOF!
5

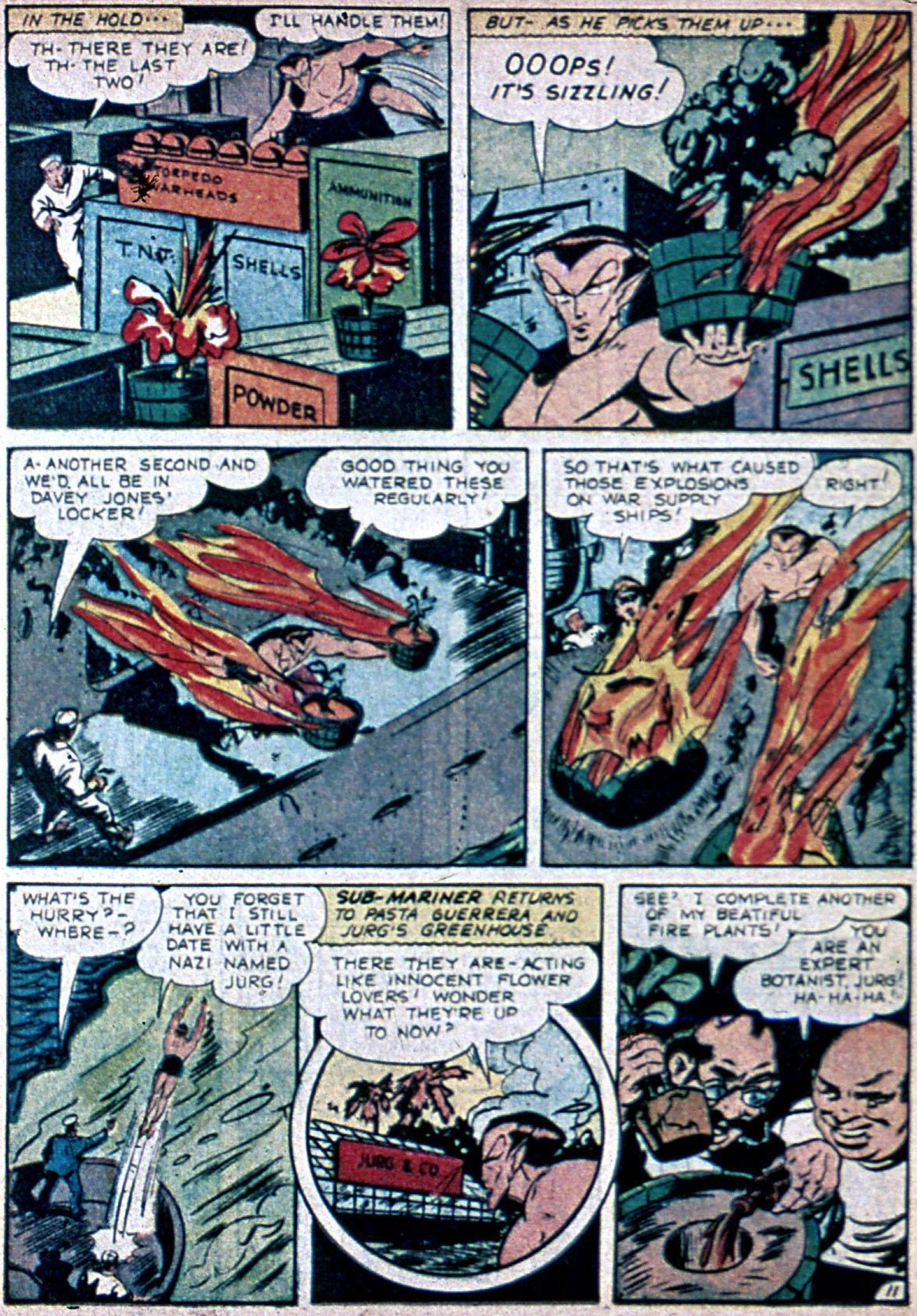

SWIFTLY AND DESPERATELY, THE NAZI RALLIES HIS MEN TO ATTACK THE VENGEFUL SUB-MARINER!
LET ME DOWN! LET ME DOWN!
HE MUST BE STOPPED! KILL HIM!
ACH! HE ISS LIKE DER WHIRLING DERVISH!
YOU'LL GO DOWN, ALL RIGHT!
HARD!
BUT--!!!
DERE ARE MANY USES FOR PLANTS!
-LIKE THIS FOR INSTANCE!
TIE HIM WELL! WE WILL TAKE HIM DOWN TO DER DUNGEON! HE LOSES HIS STRENGTH OUT OF WATER!
JA!

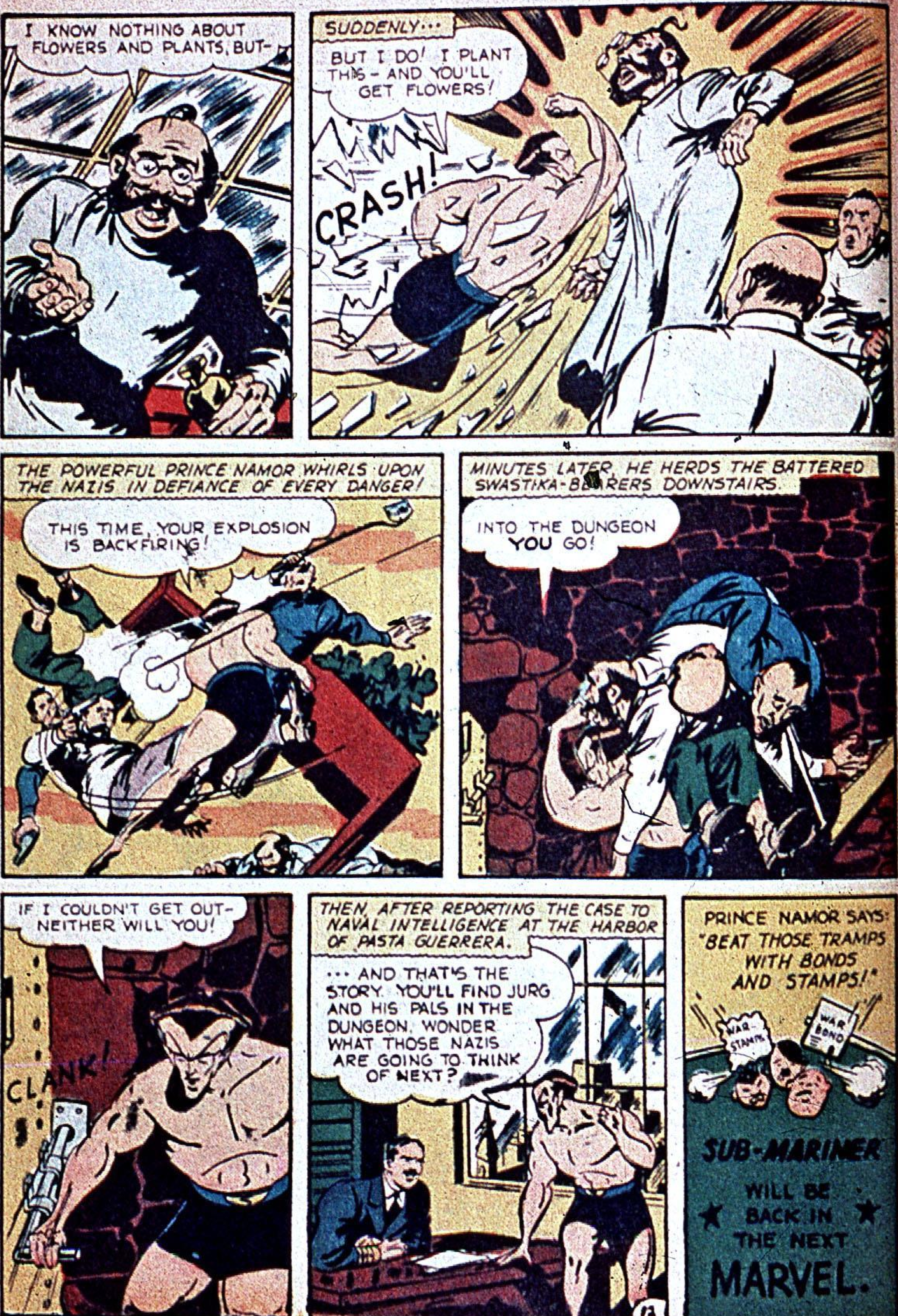

BUT AS SUB-MARINER IS CARRIED DOWN A DANK FLIGHT OF STEPS...
VAIT! HERR JURG— THE THREE MEN HAVE ARRIVED!
ACH!
THEY ARE MY GUESTS— I MUST GO UP NOW— I WILL TAKE CARE OF YOU LATER!
HALF AN HOUR LATER, THE NAZIS ASSUME ANOTHER POSE!
WOW! THAT IS THE BEST MEAL I'VE HAD SINCE I LEFT MILWAUKEE!
SURE NICE OF YOU TO INVITE US, PROFESSOR!
YOU ARE PERFECTLY WELCOME, BOYS. BUT— WOULD YOU DO ME A LITTLE FAVOR IN RETURN?
AS YOU KNOW, I AM A BOTANIST. I HAVE FOUND A RARE PLANT WHICH I WANT VERY MUCH TO GET TO HOLLAND— BUT, OF COURSE, PLANTS DO NOT SEEM IMPORTANT ENOUGH TO BE GIVEN SPACE...
YOU WANT 'EM STOWED ON THE FREIGHTER? SURE! THAT'LL BE EASY!
ONCE THEY GET TO ENGLAND, IT'LL BE A CINCH TO SHIP 'EM TO HOLLAND, PROFESSOR.
THANK YOU! THANK YOU SO MUCH! TAKE GOOD CARE OF THEM!
FOOLS! THE SHIP WILL NEVER GET TO ENGLAND— IT WORKS ONCE AGAIN— NEIN!
7

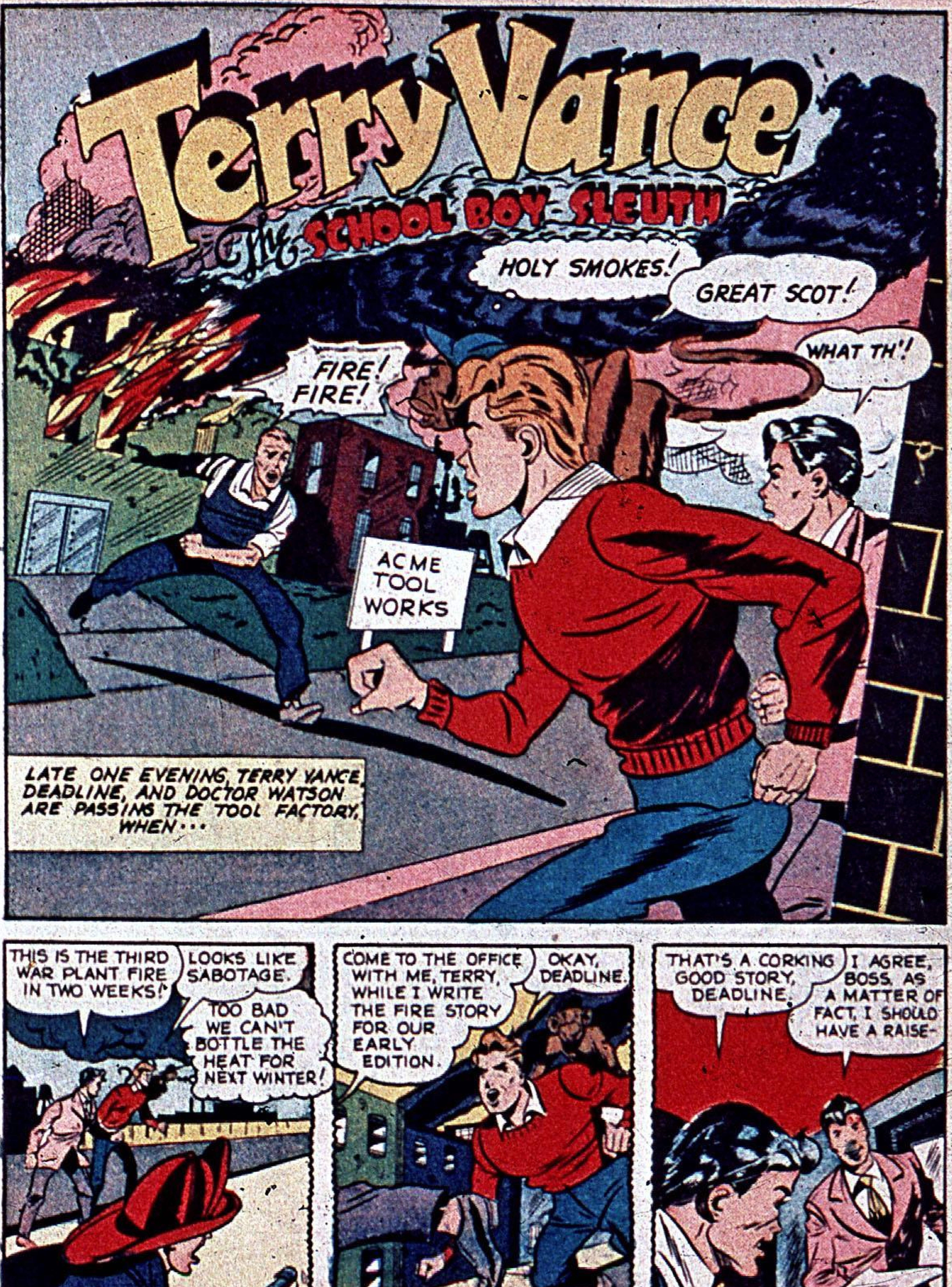

LATER, HE DESCENDS TO THE UNDERGROUND DUNGEON.
HOW IS HE?
WE KEEP HIM UNCONSCIOUS, HERR JUNG.
HAH! THE SHIP HAS ALREADY LEFT—AND, BEFORE IT MEETS THE AMERICAN CONVOY, IT WILL BLOW UP.
EVERY PIECE OF EVIDENCE WILL GO WITH IT! A SMART SCHEME!
KEEP HIM UNCONSCIOUS UNTIL WE CAN DISPOSE OF HIM SAFELY. HEIL HITLER!
VE KNOW VHAT TO DO! HEIL HITLER!
HOURS SLOWLY PASS, UNTIL···
OOOOH! MY HEAD!
HE IS WAKING—QUICK!
I'VE BEEN OUT OF WATER TOO LONG! I FEEL W-WEAK—I—
YOU'LL BE WEAKER NOW! HAH!
ACH! DOT VASS A GOOT VONE!
WHACK!
IN THE BLACKNESS OF NIGHT, THE UNCONSCIOUS SUB-MARINER IS REMOVED FROM THE DUNGEON, AND···
DIS BOX IS LIKE A COFFIN! JA!
HURRY UP! I MUST NAIL THE COVER ON!

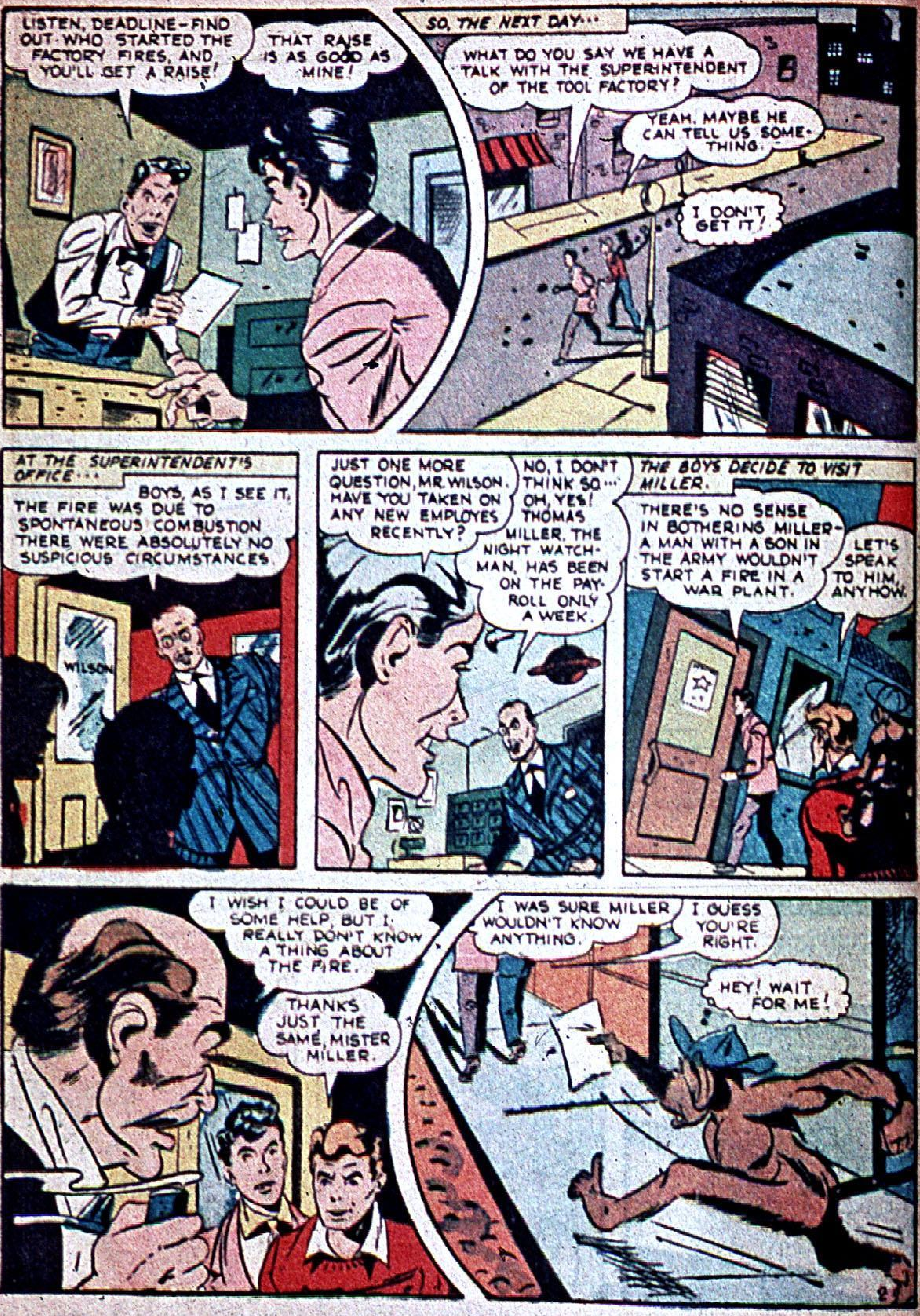

SOON- ON A PEAK OVERLOOKING THE SEA···
RIGHT OVER THE CLIFF WITH IT- HE WILL BE KILLED ON THE ROCKS!
SUCH AN END FOR SUB-MARINER! ACH!
AS THE BOX FALLS, IT HITS A JAGGED EDGE OF THE CLIFF-
CRASH!
SUB-MARINER, BATTERED AND UNCONSCIOUS, FALLS INTO THE SEA.
BUT, NAMOR IS NOT DEAD AND THE OCEAN SWIFTLY REVIVES THE WATER PRINCE.
JURG- THOSE PLANTS! I MUST STOP HIS FIENDISH PLAN!
MIGHTY MUSCLES SURGE AND SUB-MARINER IS COMPLETELY FREE.
THE FREIGHTER!
SHE HAS SOME HEAD START, BUT I MUST CATCH UP WITH HER BEFORE THOSE PLANTS GO OFF!
AFTER HOURS OF SWIMMING AT LIGHTNING SPEED NAMOR SEES...
THE FREIGHTER! IT'S STILL SAFE!

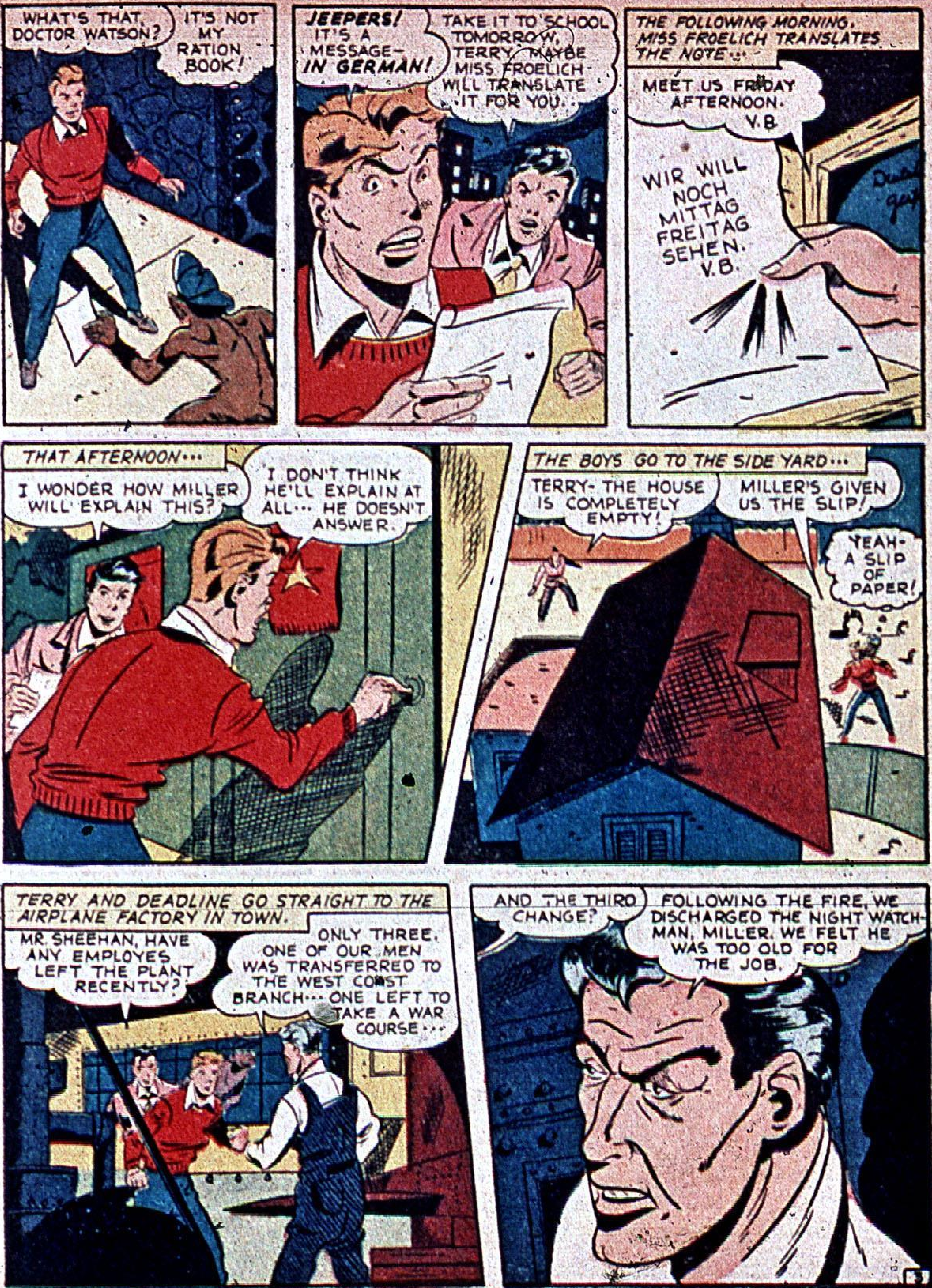

SUB-MARINER CLIMBS ABOARD.
SUB-MARINER! WHAT'S THE—?
WE'VE GOT TO MOVE FAST, CAPTAIN!
YOU'VE GOT SOME PLANTS ABOARD THAT LOOK HARMLESS BUT MAY BLOW UP THE SHIP ANY SECOND!
PLANTS? WHY—
SUB-MARINER RACES INTO THE CREW'S QUARTERS, AND···
HERE'S ONE OF THEM. THROW IT OVERBOARD—FAST!
W-WHY- I'VE GOT ONE OF 'EM, TOO! I PROMISED JURG—
NEVER MIND WHAT YOU PROMISED! JURG IS A NAZI SPY! THE PLANTS HE GAVE YOU CONTAIN INCENDIARIES!
WHAAA???
WITH THE SPEED OF DESPERATION AND THE PRECISION OF COOL EFFICIENCY, THE CREW SWIFTLY COMBS THE SHIP FOR THE DEATH-DEALING PLANTS AND SHRUBS.
I SEARCHED THIS CABIN ONCE, BUT THERE'S NOTHING LIKE MAKING SURE!
THE REST ARE IN THE HOLD - RIGHT NEAR THE AMMUNITION! WOW!
HERE GOES GOOD RIDDANCE!

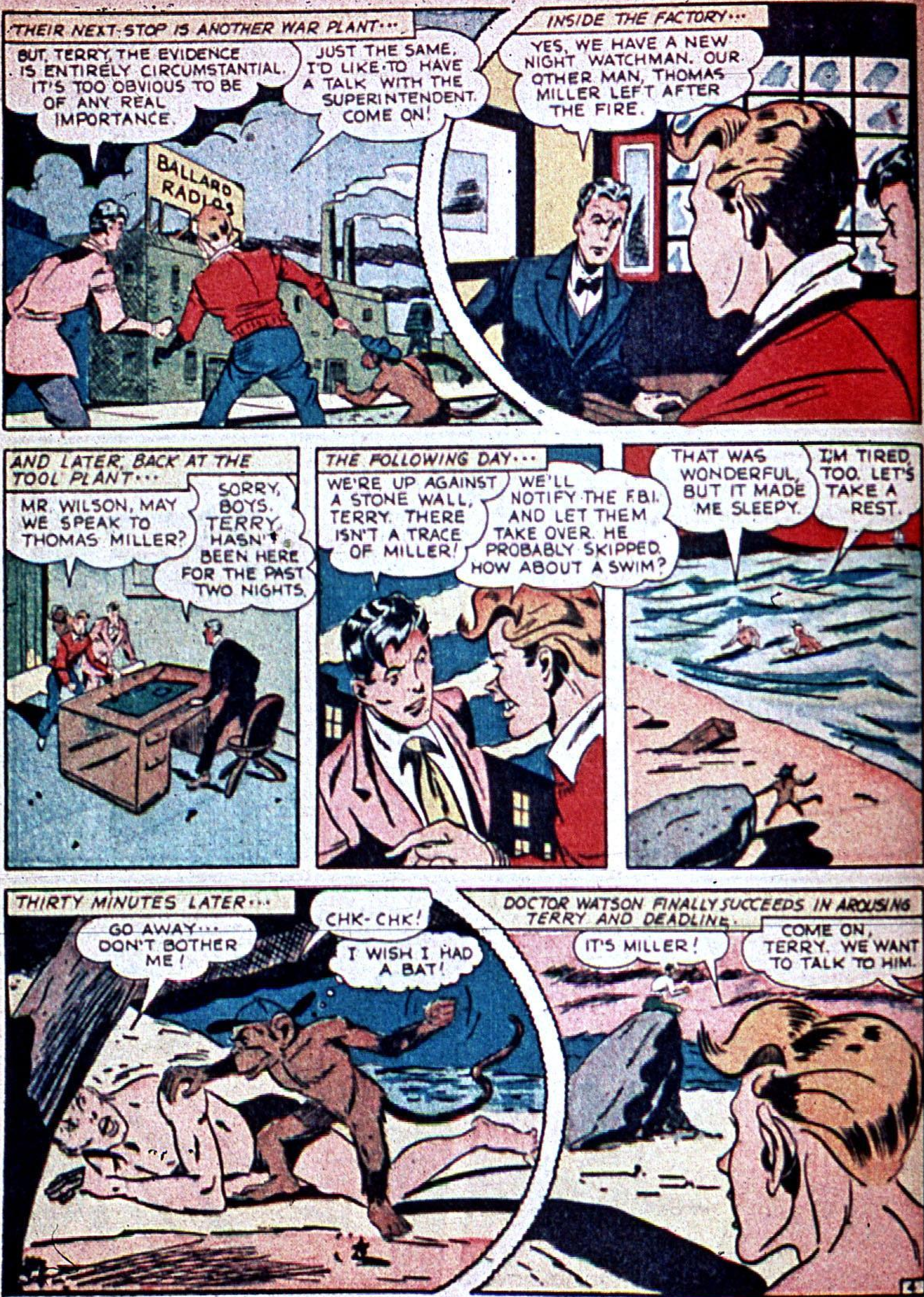

IN THE HOLD...
TH- THERE THEY ARE! TH- THE LAST TWO!
I'LL HANDLE THEM!
TORPEDO WARHEADS
AMMUNITION
T.N.T.
SHELLS
POWDER
BUT- AS HE PICKS THEM UP...
OOOPS! IT'S SIZZLING!
SHELLS
A- ANOTHER SECOND AND WE'D ALL BE IN DAVEY JONES' LOCKER!
GOOD THING YOU WATERED THESE REGULARLY!
SO THAT'S WHAT CAUSED THOSE EXPLOSIONS ON WAR SUPPLY SHIPS!
RIGHT!
WHAT'S THE HURRY?- WHBRE-?
YOU FORGET THAT I STILL HAVE A LITTLE DATE WITH A NAZI NAMED JURG!
SUB-MARINER RETURNS TO PASTA GUERRERA AND JURG'S GREENHOUSE.
THERE THEY ARE- ACTING LIKE INNOCENT FLOWER LOVERS! WONDER WHAT THEY'RE UP TO NOW?
JURG & CO.
SEE? I COMPLETE ANOTHER OF MY BEATIFUL FIRE PLANTS!
YOU ARE AN EXPERT BOTANIST, JURG! HA-HA-HA!

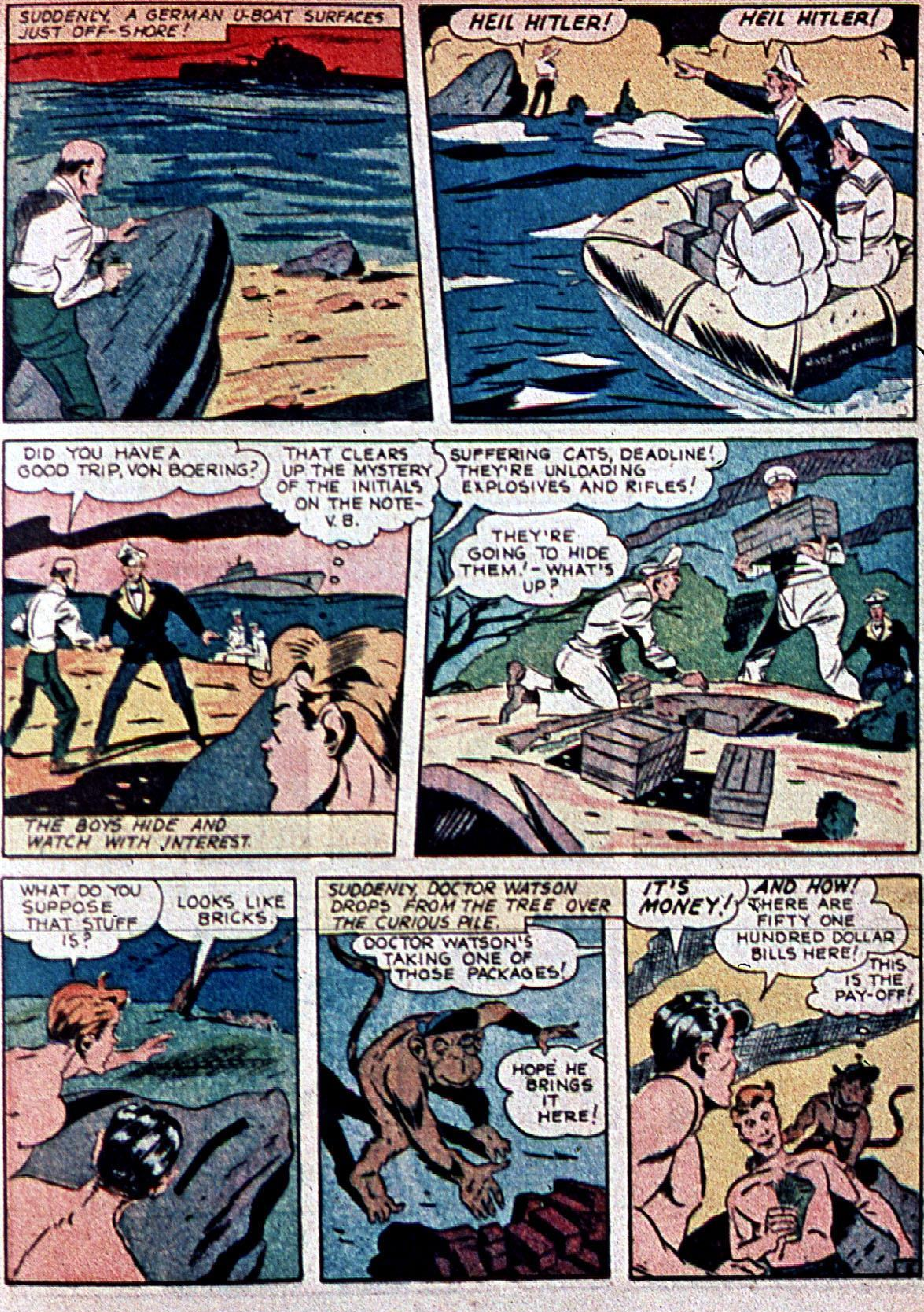

I KNOW NOTHING ABOUT FLOWERS AND PLANTS, BUT-
SUDDENLY...
BUT I DO! I PLANT THIS - AND YOU'LL GET FLOWERS!
CRASH!
THE POWERFUL PRINCE NAMOR WHIRLS UPON THE NAZIS IN DEFIANCE OF EVERY DANGER!
THIS TIME, YOUR EXPLOSION IS BACKFIRING!
MINUTES LATER, HE HERDS THE BATTERED SWASTIKA-BEARERS DOWNSTAIRS.
INTO THE DUNGEON YOU GO!
IF I COULDN'T GET OUT- NEITHER WILL YOU!
CLANK!
THEN, AFTER REPORTING THE CASE TO NAVAL INTELLIGENCE AT THE HARBOR OF PASTA GUERRERA.
... AND THAT'S THE STORY. YOU'LL FIND JURG AND HIS PALS IN THE DUNGEON. WONDER WHAT THOSE NAZIS ARE GOING TO THINK OF NEXT?
PRINCE NAMOR SAYS: "BEAT THOSE TRAMPS WITH BONDS AND STAMPS!"
WAR STAMPS
WAR BOND
SUB-MARINER WILL BE BACK IN THE NEXT MARVEL.

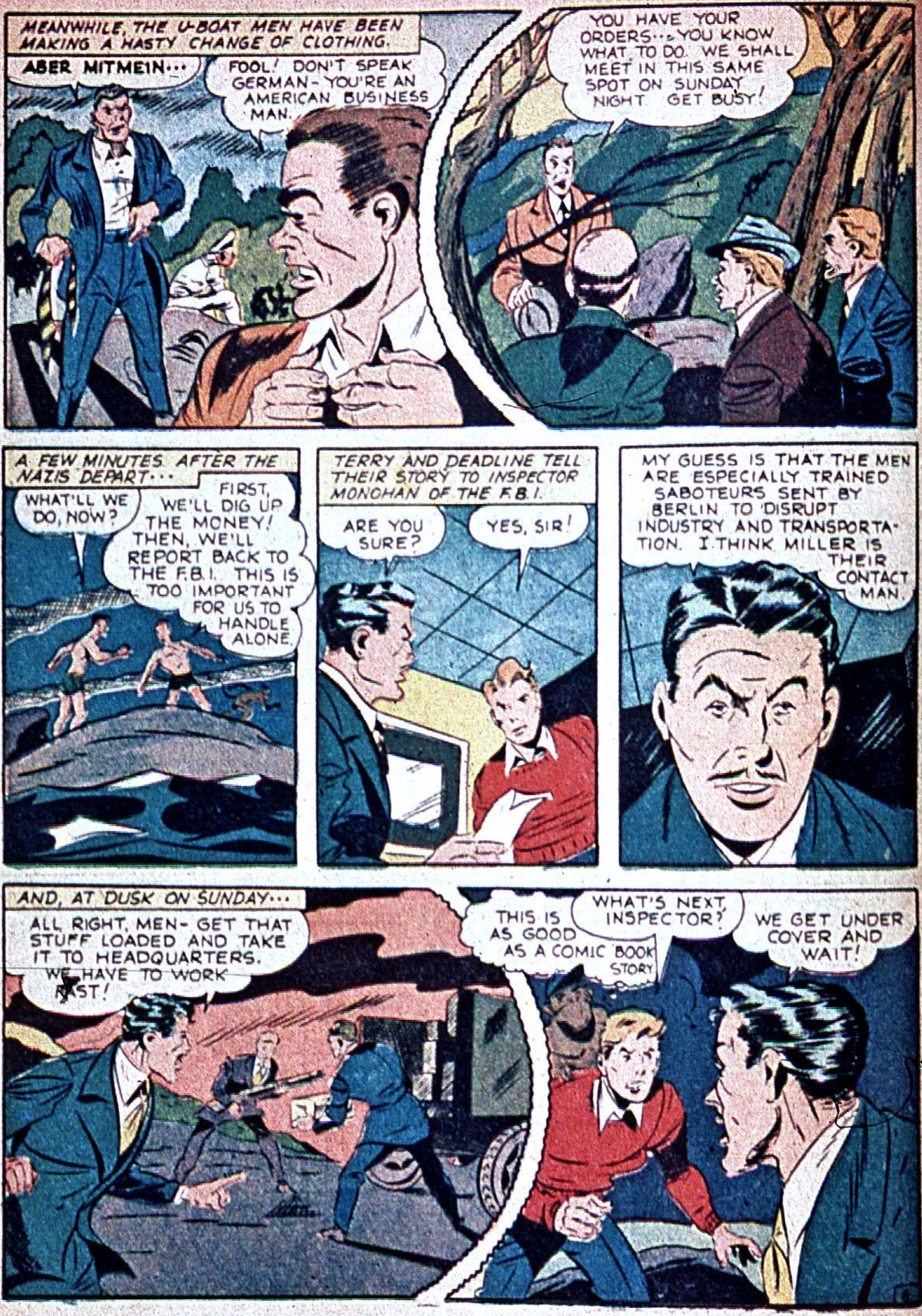

Terry Vance
The SCHOOL BOY SLEUTH
HOLY SMOKES!
GREAT SCOT!
WHAT TH'!
FIRE! FIRE!
ACME TOOL WORKS
LATE ONE EVENING, TERRY VANCE, DEADLINE, AND DOCTOR WATSON ARE PASSING THE TOOL FACTORY, WHEN...
THIS IS THE THIRD WAR PLANT FIRE IN TWO WEEKS!
LOOKS LIKE SABOTAGE.
TOO BAD WE CAN'T BOTTLE THE HEAT FOR NEXT WINTER!
COME TO THE OFFICE WITH ME, TERRY, WHILE I WRITE THE FIRE STORY FOR OUR EARLY EDITION.
OKAY, DEADLINE.
THAT'S A CORKING GOOD STORY, DEADLINE.
I AGREE, BOSS. AS A MATTER OF FACT, I SHOULD HAVE A RAISE-

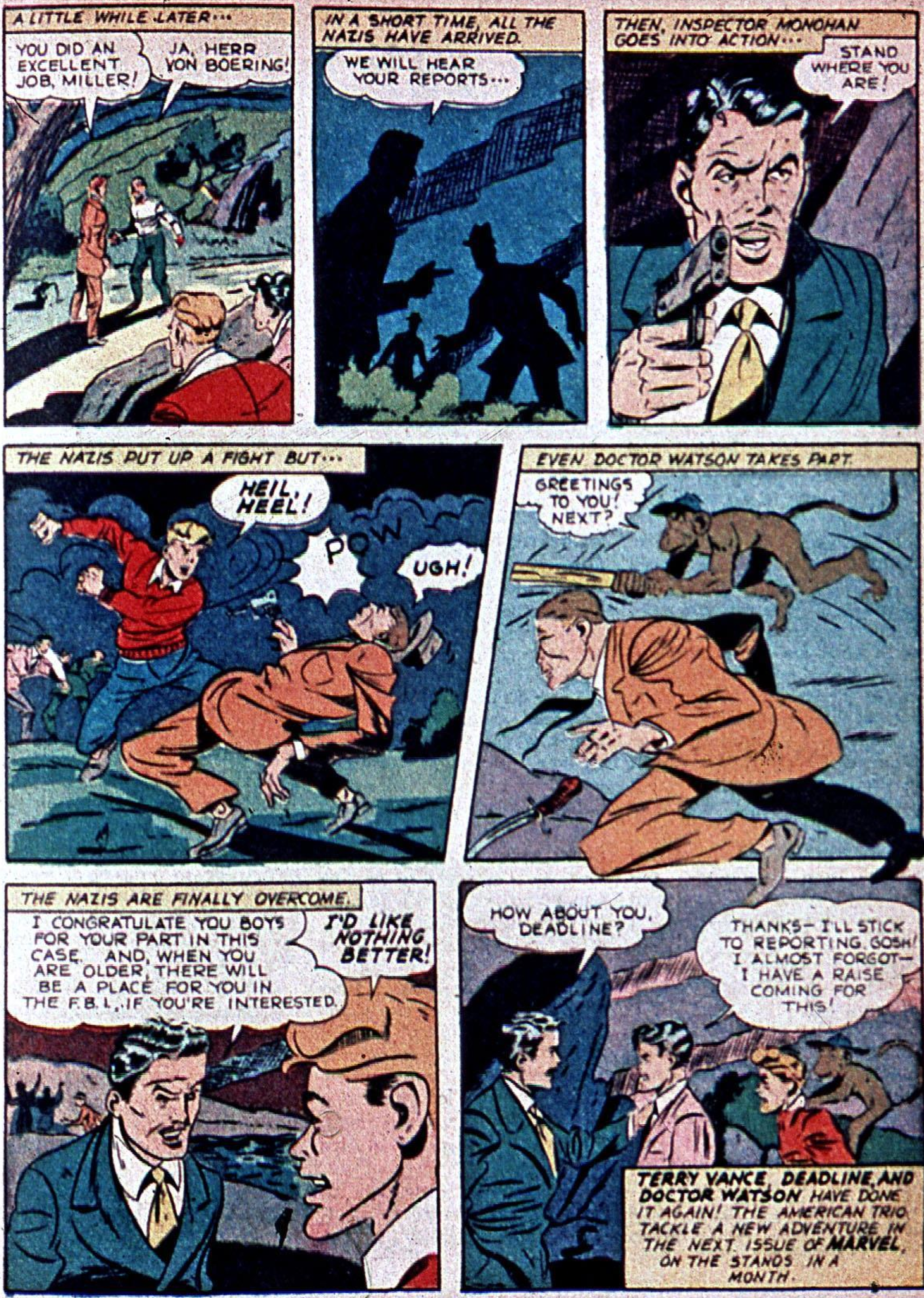

LISTEN, DEADLINE—FIND OUT WHO STARTED THE FACTORY FIRES, AND YOU'LL GET A RAISE!
THAT RAISE IS AS GOOD AS MINE!
SO, THE NEXT DAY...
WHAT DO YOU SAY WE HAVE A TALK WITH THE SUPERINTENDENT OF THE TOOL FACTORY?
YEAH. MAYBE HE CAN TELL US SOMETHING.
I DON'T GET IT!
AT THE SUPERINTENDENT'S OFFICE...
BOYS, AS I SEE IT, THE FIRE WAS DUE TO SPONTANEOUS COMBUSTION. THERE WERE ABSOLUTELY NO SUSPICIOUS CIRCUMSTANCES.
WILSON
JUST ONE MORE QUESTION, MR. WILSON. HAVE YOU TAKEN ON ANY NEW EMPLOYES RECENTLY?
NO, I DON'T THINK SO... OH, YES! THOMAS MILLER, THE NIGHT WATCHMAN, HAS BEEN ON THE PAYROLL ONLY A WEEK.
THE BOYS DECIDE TO VISIT MILLER.
THERE'S NO SENSE IN BOTHERING MILLER—A MAN WITH A SON IN THE ARMY WOULDN'T START A FIRE IN A WAR PLANT.
LET'S SPEAK TO HIM, ANYHOW.
I WISH I COULD BE OF SOME HELP, BUT I REALLY DON'T KNOW A THING ABOUT THE FIRE.
THANKS JUST THE SAME, MISTER MILLER.
I WAS SURE MILLER WOULDN'T KNOW ANYTHING.
I GUESS YOU'RE RIGHT.
HEY! WAIT FOR ME!


WHAT'S THAT, DOCTOR WATSON?
IT'S NOT MY RATION BOOK!
JEEPERS! IT'S A MESSAGE— IN GERMAN!
TAKE IT TO SCHOOL TOMORROW, TERRY. MAYBE MISS FROELICH WILL TRANSLATE IT FOR YOU.
THE FOLLOWING MORNING, MISS FROELICH TRANSLATES THE NOTE...
MEET US FRIDAY AFTERNOON. V.B.
WIR WILL NOCH MITTAG FREITAG SEHEN. V.B.
THAT AFTERNOON...
I WONDER HOW MILLER WILL EXPLAIN THIS?
I DON'T THINK HE'LL EXPLAIN AT ALL... HE DOESN'T ANSWER.
THE BOYS GO TO THE SIDE YARD...
TERRY- THE HOUSE IS COMPLETELY EMPTY!
MILLER'S GIVEN US THE SLIP!
YEAH- A SLIP OF PAPER!
TERRY AND DEADLINE GO STRAIGHT TO THE AIRPLANE FACTORY IN TOWN.
MR. SHEEHAN, HAVE ANY EMPLOYES LEFT THE PLANT RECENTLY?
ONLY THREE. ONE OF OUR MEN WAS TRANSFERRED TO THE WEST COAST BRANCH... ONE LEFT TO TAKE A WAR COURSE...
AND THE THIRD CHANGE?
FOLLOWING THE FIRE, WE DISCHARGED THE NIGHT WATCHMAN, MILLER. WE FELT HE WAS TOO OLD FOR THE JOB.


THEIR NEXT STOP IS ANOTHER WAR PLANT...
BUT, TERRY, THE EVIDENCE IS ENTIRELY CIRCUMSTANTIAL. IT'S TOO OBVIOUS TO BE OF ANY REAL IMPORTANCE.
JUST THE SAME, I'D LIKE TO HAVE A TALK WITH THE SUPERINTENDENT. COME ON!
BALLARD RADIOS
INSIDE THE FACTORY...
YES, WE HAVE A NEW NIGHT WATCHMAN. OUR OTHER MAN, THOMAS MILLER LEFT AFTER THE FIRE.
AND LATER, BACK AT THE TOOL PLANT...
MR. WILSON, MAY WE SPEAK TO THOMAS MILLER?
SORRY, BOYS. TERRY, HASN'T BEEN HERE FOR THE PAST TWO NIGHTS.
THE FOLLOWING DAY...
WE'RE UP AGAINST A STONE WALL, TERRY. THERE ISN'T A TRACE OF MILLER!
WE'LL NOTIFY THE F.B.I. AND LET THEM TAKE OVER. HE PROBABLY SKIPPED. HOW ABOUT A SWIM?
THAT WAS WONDERFUL, BUT IT MADE ME SLEEPY.
I'M TIRED, TOO. LET'S TAKE A REST.
THIRTY MINUTES LATER...
GO AWAY... DON'T BOTHER ME!
CHK-CHK!
I WISH I HAD A BAT!
DOCTOR WATSON FINALLY SUCCEEDS IN AROUSING TERRY AND DEADLINE.
IT'S MILLER!
COME ON, TERRY. WE WANT TO TALK TO HIM.


SUDDENLY, A GERMAN U-BOAT SURFACES JUST OFF-SHORE!
HEIL HITLER!
HEIL HITLER!
MADE IN GERMANY
DID YOU HAVE A GOOD TRIP, VON BOERING?
THAT CLEARS UP THE MYSTERY OF THE INITIALS ON THE NOTE- V. B.
THE BOYS HIDE AND WATCH WITH INTEREST.
SUFFERING CATS, DEADLINE! THEY'RE UNLOADING EXPLOSIVES AND RIFLES!
THEY'RE GOING TO HIDE THEM! - WHAT'S UP?
WHAT DO YOU SUPPOSE THAT STUFF IS?
LOOKS LIKE BRICKS.
SUDDENLY, DOCTOR WATSON DROPS FROM THE TREE OVER THE CURIOUS PILE.
DOCTOR WATSON'S TAKING ONE OF THOSE PACKAGES!
HOPE HE BRINGS IT HERE!
IT'S MONEY!
AND HOW! THERE ARE FIFTY ONE HUNDRED DOLLAR BILLS HERE!
THIS IS THE PAY-OFF!


MEANWHILE, THE U-BOAT MEN HAVE BEEN MAKING A HASTY CHANGE OF CLOTHING.
ABER MITMEIN...
FOOL! DON'T SPEAK GERMAN - YOU'RE AN AMERICAN BUSINESS MAN.
YOU HAVE YOUR ORDERS... YOU KNOW WHAT TO DO. WE SHALL MEET IN THIS SAME SPOT ON SUNDAY NIGHT. GET BUSY!
A FEW MINUTES AFTER THE NAZIS DEPART...
WHAT'LL WE DO, NOW?
FIRST, WE'LL DIG UP THE MONEY! THEN, WE'LL REPORT BACK TO THE F.B.I. THIS IS TOO IMPORTANT FOR US TO HANDLE ALONE.
TERRY AND DEADLINE TELL THEIR STORY TO INSPECTOR MONOHAN OF THE F.B.I.
ARE YOU SURE?
YES, SIR!
MY GUESS IS THAT THE MEN ARE ESPECIALLY TRAINED SABOTEURS SENT BY BERLIN TO DISRUPT INDUSTRY AND TRANSPORTATION. I THINK MILLER IS THEIR CONTACT MAN.
AND, AT DUSK ON SUNDAY...
ALL RIGHT, MEN - GET THAT STUFF LOADED AND TAKE IT TO HEADQUARTERS. WE HAVE TO WORK FAST!
THIS IS AS GOOD AS A COMIC BOOK STORY
WHAT'S NEXT, INSPECTOR?
WE GET UNDER COVER AND WAIT!


A LITTLE WHILE LATER...
YOU DID AN EXCELLENT JOB, MILLER!
JA, HERR VON BOERING!
IN A SHORT TIME, ALL THE NAZIS HAVE ARRIVED.
WE WILL HEAR YOUR REPORTS...
THEN, INSPECTOR MONOHAN GOES INTO ACTION...
STAND WHERE YOU ARE!
THE NAZIS PUT UP A FIGHT BUT...
HEIL, HEEL!
POW
UGH!
EVEN DOCTOR WATSON TAKES PART.
GREETINGS TO YOU! NEXT?
THE NAZIS ARE FINALLY OVERCOME.
I CONGRATULATE YOU BOYS FOR YOUR PART IN THIS CASE. AND, WHEN YOU ARE OLDER, THERE WILL BE A PLACE FOR YOU IN THE F.B.I., IF YOU'RE INTERESTED.
I'D LIKE NOTHING BETTER!
HOW ABOUT YOU, DEADLINE?
THANKS— I'LL STICK TO REPORTING. GOSH! I ALMOST FORGOT— I HAVE A RAISE COMING FOR THIS!
TERRY VANCE, DEADLINE, AND DOCTOR WATSON HAVE DONE IT AGAIN! THE AMERICAN TRIO TACKLE A NEW ADVENTURE IN THE NEXT ISSUE OF MARVEL, ON THE STANDS IN A MONTH.

THE LAST TRAIN OUT

"HIT THE GRIT, bum! Hit the grit!"

Dan saw the up-raised hand and knew he didn't stand a chance. He'd never hopped a train like this before. It was his initial attempt, and a poor one, at that. The burly figure swung down the ladder and next instant Dan hit the grit!

As he came to a groggy stop at the foot of the embankment in the weeds and bushes, Dan decided that it wouldn't happen again. Slowly, cautiously he flexed bruised arms and legs. Nothing seemed broken. . .

"How d'you like that!" A heavy figure followed the voice out of the woods. "Is that any way to shake a rattler?"

Dan got cautiously up. "Darned if I know. I'm sure it wasn't the right way."

"What you need is a lesson—"

"No, thanks!" Dan dusted cinders from his clothes. His feet hurt, his arms hurt, skin was gone from his shoulder and jaw.

The big stranger chuckled. "You'll learn in time. Where y'bound?"

"City," Dan admitted shortly. He thought of the long trip, how uncomfortable it had been riding. His eyes felt puffed and sore from gravel and dust, his only pair of pants were ripped right where they shouldn't be. Maybe he should have stayed home, after all. "Guess I can hoof it from here," Dan muttered. "Try and get some sleep first—"

"Come along," the big man commanded. "You'll get some sleep and grub. I'll take care of that."

Later, at the "camp," Dan ate a concoction of meat and vegetables rolled into one. It wasn't stew, not the kind he'd eaten. It could have passed for anything, and right then Dan wasn't particular. He ate it and thought of his room at home and wondered why he hadn't waited till he'd scraped up bus fare.

Sam was a big guy. Dan half dozed later and listened to them whispering together, Sam and his pal, Spike. Their clothes were shabby, dirty.

Later Sam shuffled over and dropped down beside Dan. "Kind of got the dirty end of it, huh? Been on the road long?"

Dan hesitated, feeling sleepy and comfortable and at the same time leery. "About as long as I'm going to be," he announced finally. "There must be easier ways of traveling . or at least of getting kicked off."

Sam rolled a cigarette from scrappings in the bottom of his pocket. It was full of lint and fuzz. "Plenty of us on our uppers nowadays," Sam growled, licking the flap of paper and rolling the cigarette shut. "Spike and I know what it's like."

"I suppose you're used to it."

Sam got a light from a smoldering twig. "Sure," he said. "We're old timers. But one of these days Spike and me are gonna clean up. In fact that day's about here. We're kinda thinking, kid—" Sam paused.

DAN FELT his heart thicken. He listened to the lonesome sound of the wind in the bushes around them. They intended to clean up. But how . . .

Sam said, "Suppose you could use a couple of bucks?"

Dan said cautiously, "Guess so. What's up?"

Sam answered indirectly, "We're business men, huh, Spike?"

Spike nodded but didn't speak. Dan peered toward him through the thickening gloom, realizing that Spike might be suspicious. He looked sour and disapproving.

But what could their "business" be? Dan tried not to think. He wished they'd go to wherever they slept and let him do the same. Tomorrow, when he found out what they were doing . . .

Sam said, "Yep. We're business men now. After all these years of getting kicked around."

"How about the draft? How'd you miss that?"

Sam chuckled. "Easy. Just didn't report. We—move around a good deal, kid." Sam snapped a stone into the brush. "We'll be moving again in a couple of days. Only not on rods like we used to. This time we'll be inside. Taking it easy, hey Spike?"

"Guess so," Spike admitted.

Sam said, "Rest up, kid. We'll talk business tomorrow!"

IN THE MORNING Dan didn't like it any better. These two were going to do something wrong and Dan decided that he didn't want any part of it. The smell of the bottom land, heavy with dew, reminded him of home. Sam got the wood fire going. The smell of coffee mingling with the smoke carried Dan back sharply to other days.

Sam came over after breakfast to say, "I'll be gone a spell, kid. You stay right here with Spike. He'll know what to do if anything happens."

It was chilly and Dan hung around the fire, keeping warm. Later the sun came up and the smell from the woods was warm and fragrant with young birch. Spike flopped down on the ground. He smoked and asked cautious questions, and Dan knew Spike didn't like the idea of having him along. Dan wished that he hadn't stayed. But something kept him now. He cautiously answered Spike's inquiries. Spike was smart, probably the brains back of whatever scheme they had cooked up.

Finally, he seemed satisfied. He dozed off and Dan sat there nursing the fire with twigs and bits of branches. Once in a while he heard the sound of a train in the distance. He could tell the difference between the slow-moving freights and the faster limiteds that roared by along the gully and away into the distance. Dan wished he was on one of them, headed for the city, where a guy, a young guy, had a chance of finding something. He hated to think of the folks back home. They'd be worried stiff for a while—

Sam came back, Spike woke up and they went into a conference. Dan heard Sam say everything was fixed and that they'd do their stuff tonight.

Dan knew they were going to pull something crooked and wished more than ever that he'd beat it. It would be an easy matter to slip away, especially now that it was dark. Spike and Sam were ahead along the trail. The bundle Dan was lugging was heavy as blazes. It would be easy to put it down and step off into the dark . . .

The sound of a train coughing up grade came to Dan. Then it stopped with a gradual sigh and when Dan crept up to the lip of the gully he saw the train sprawled out below along the siding. Away in the distance came the sound of another train, a faster one. But this was the one Sam and Spike were interested in—

"Okay, kid," Sam snapped. "Follow me. Step on it!"

Dan tumbled down the bank. He saw Sam dart forward, saw him working feverishly with a jimmy at the door of a box car.

THE GROUND BEGAN to shake with the thunder of the approaching train. The doorlock snapped and Sam strained to thrust the door open. He clawed his way inside, turned to show a blotch of a face.

"Gimme the stuff!" Sam rasped. "Phew! This place stinks. Medicine—"

Dan gripped the make-shift handle of his bag with sweating hands. Whatever it was . . . explosives maybe . . .

"Gimme it!" Sam snarled, leaning out. "For Pete's sake—"

From the bank above them came the sound of a brief, shrill whistle. It was a signal. Sam twisted his ugly head to stare down the gully.

"Spike!" Sam snarled. "Guard coming! T'heck with 'em! Blow this rattler sky high! Gimme that stuff. Here—"

Dan came erect, lifting the bundle. He was dazed, shaking. Sam leaned down, grabbed it and disappeared—

Dan leaped forward, catching at the corner of the heavy door, flinging his weight against it. It rolled and he snatched up the jimmy and got the lock back into place, battered it into its socket. It wouldn't stop anyone from outside, but from inside . . .

Sam wouldn't dare blow it up! Dan hurled himself up the bank and along the lip—

Spike showed up before him and Dan hit home hard. Spike swore and went tumbling end over end. He came erect and met Dan as he charged. Spike fought silently, craftily, as Dan had known he would. Dan had the advantage and struggled to keep it. They twisted free out on the lip and Dan saw Spike's face before him, a dirty white smudge against the black of the night. Dan drove his fist into it with everything he had. Spike went spinning over the lip, dislodging a veritable avalanche as he went.

With Spike carefully bound, Dan marched back into the village. It was further than he'd expected. He was surrounded by a mob, out of which presently emerged the sheriff. Later they were in a dinky office. The sheriff faced them, questioning Dan, who told what had happened.

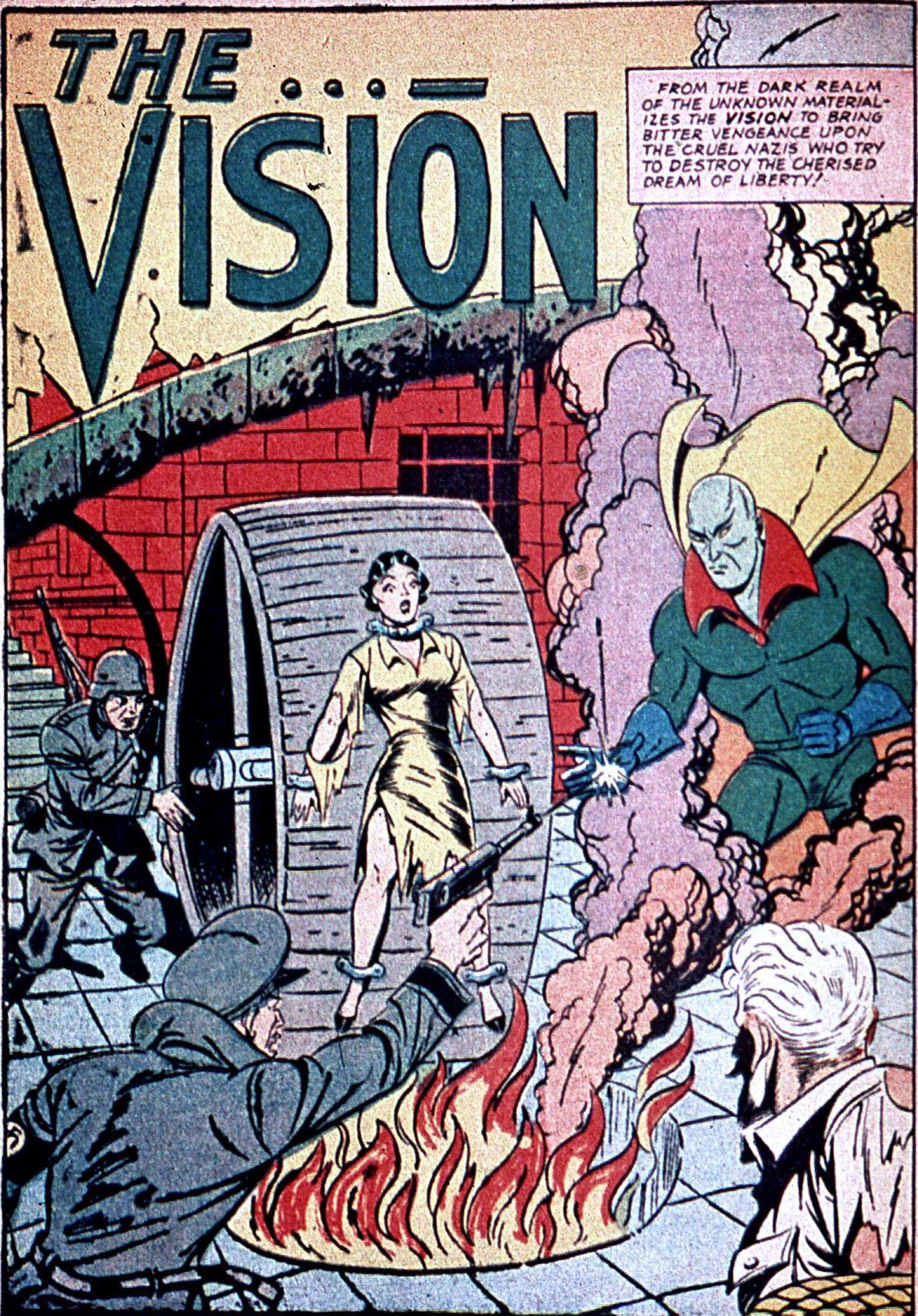
"Y'gotta get word to the railroad people somehow!" Dan chattered. "Sam's got the . . the explosives. He'll blow it up!"

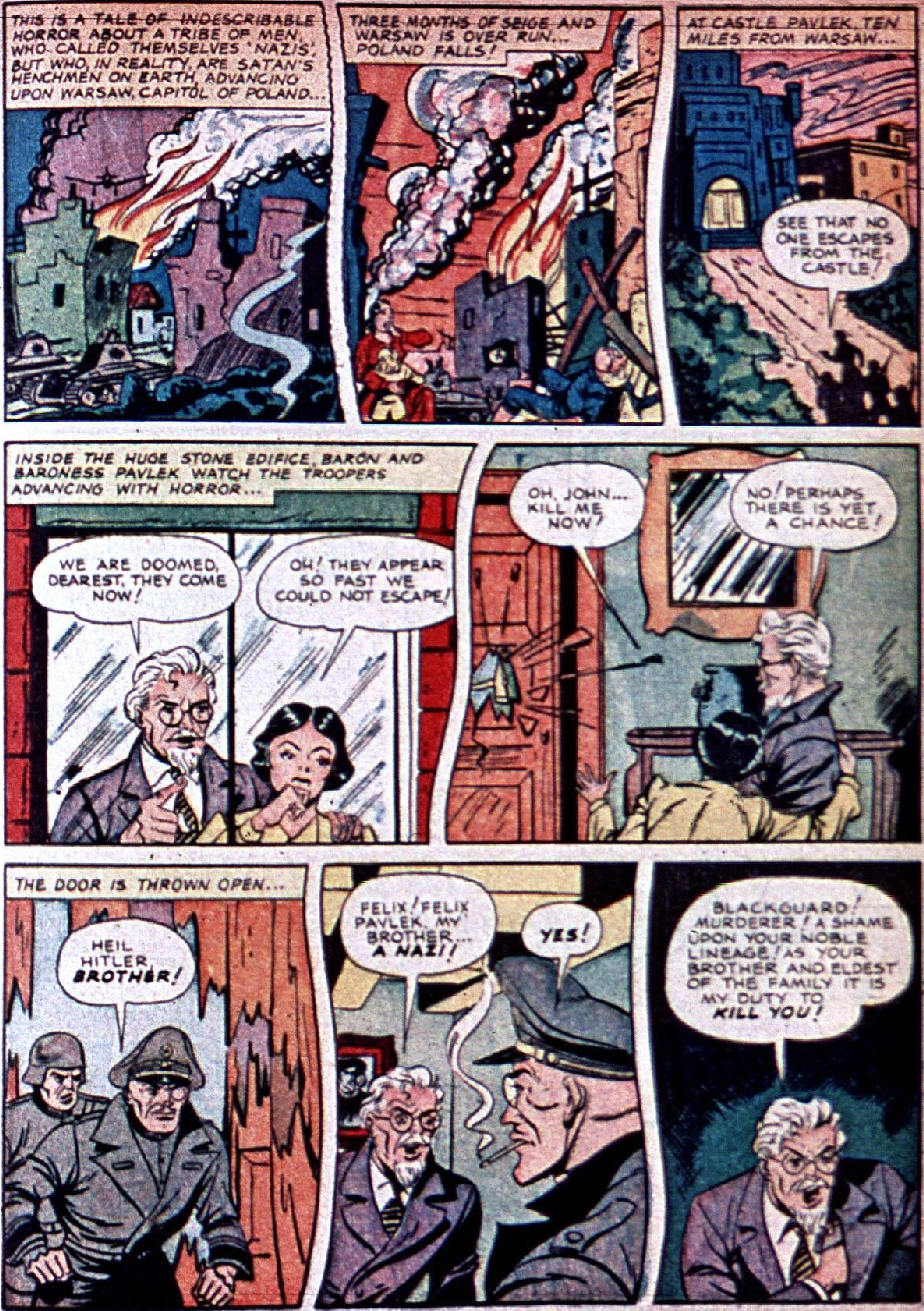
"Take it easy," the sheriff said. He went away to the phone and later returned, he was grinning. "Everything'll be all right, son. They won't have any trouble with Sam when they stop to take him off. He'll be stiff—"

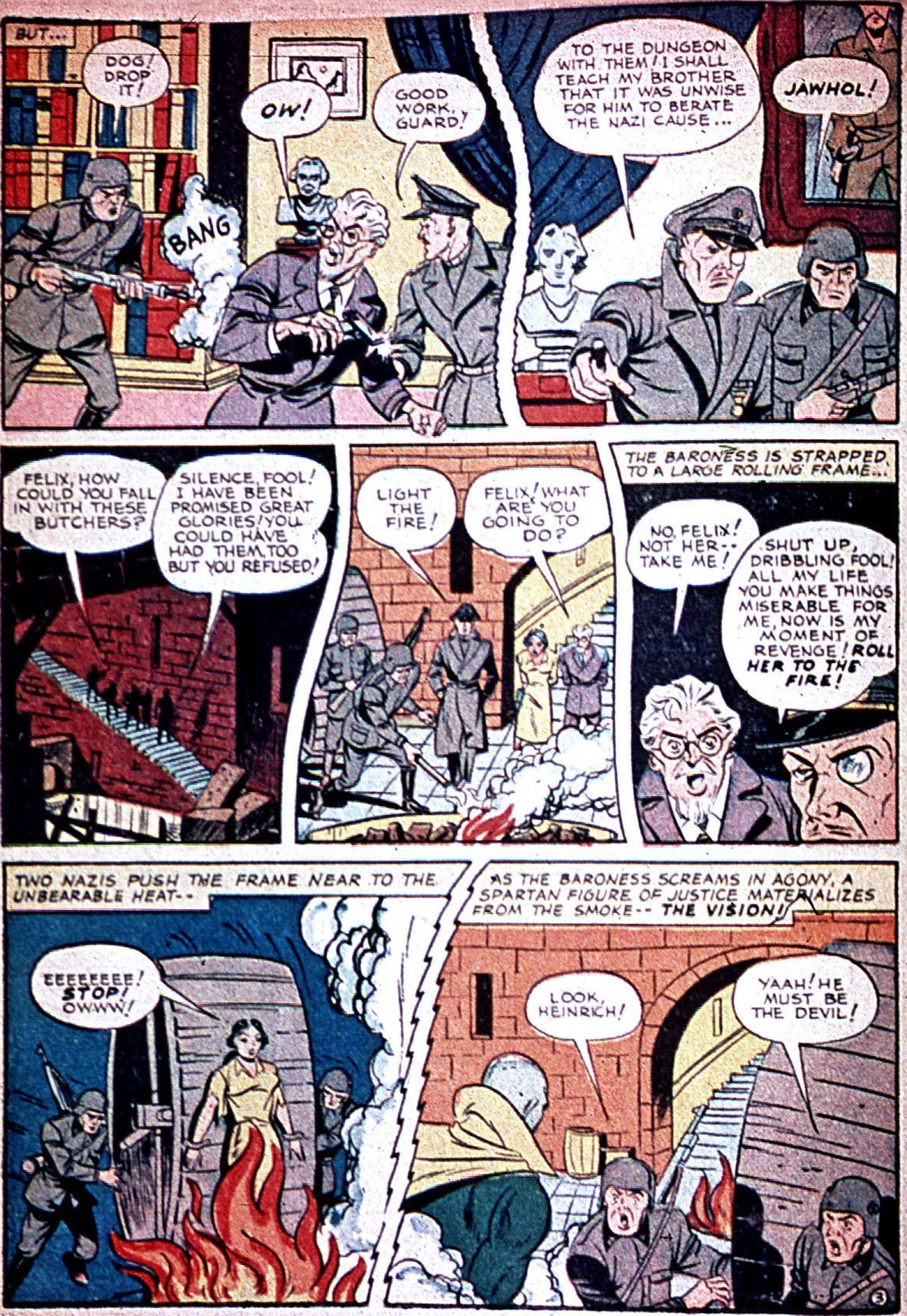
"What're you talking about?" Dan chattered, wiping dusty sweat from his forehead. "The explosives—"

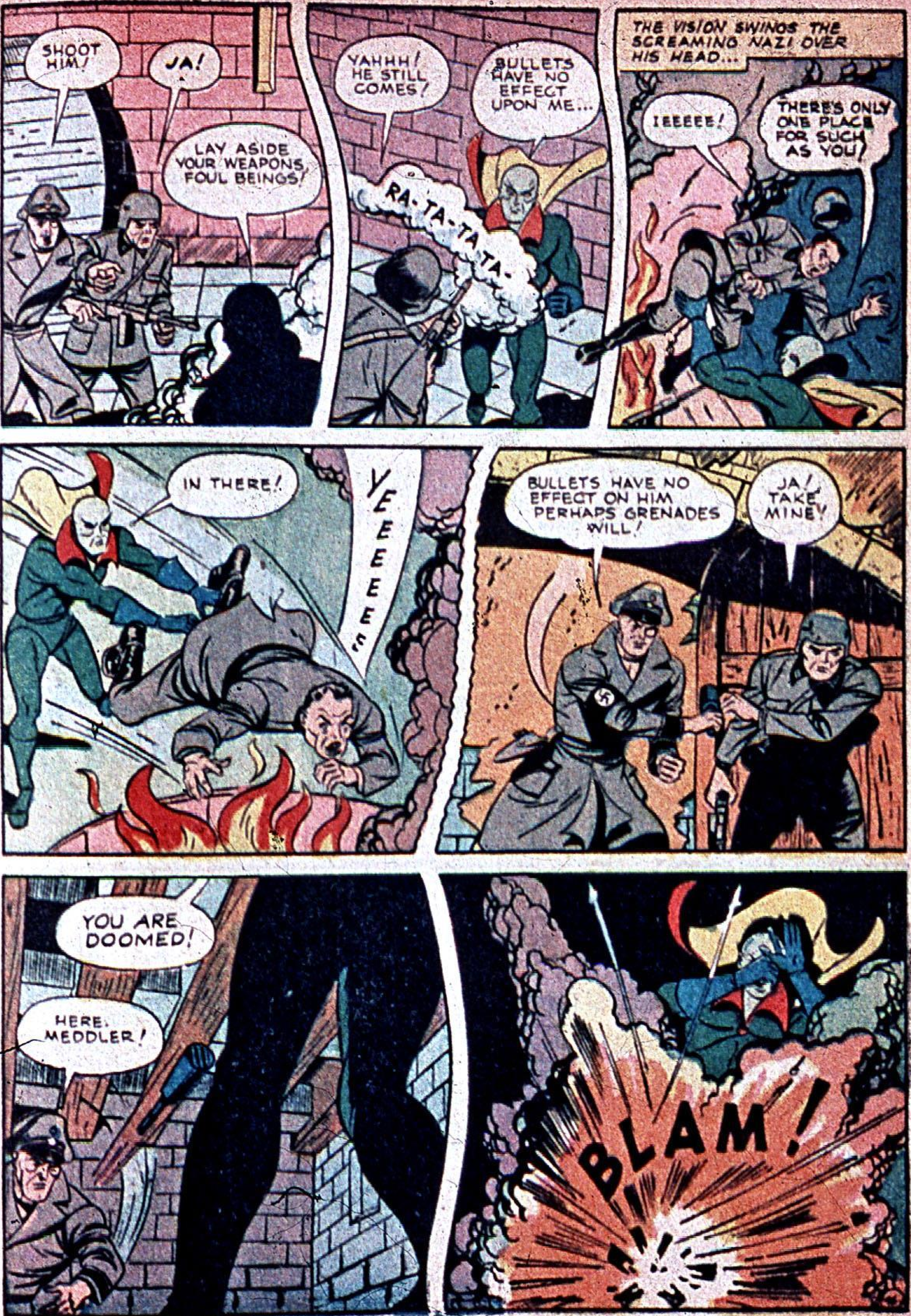
"Sam was trying to blow the train up," the sheriff admitted. "*You're* in the clear. But Sam . . . well, that car you locked him in. He said it stunk of medicine. It *was* medicine! Sam picked a car loaded wtih cyanide of potassium! No matter how you pack that stuff, in a confined space like the box car, there's enough fumes to knock a guy cold. It'll be a sure cure for Sam!"

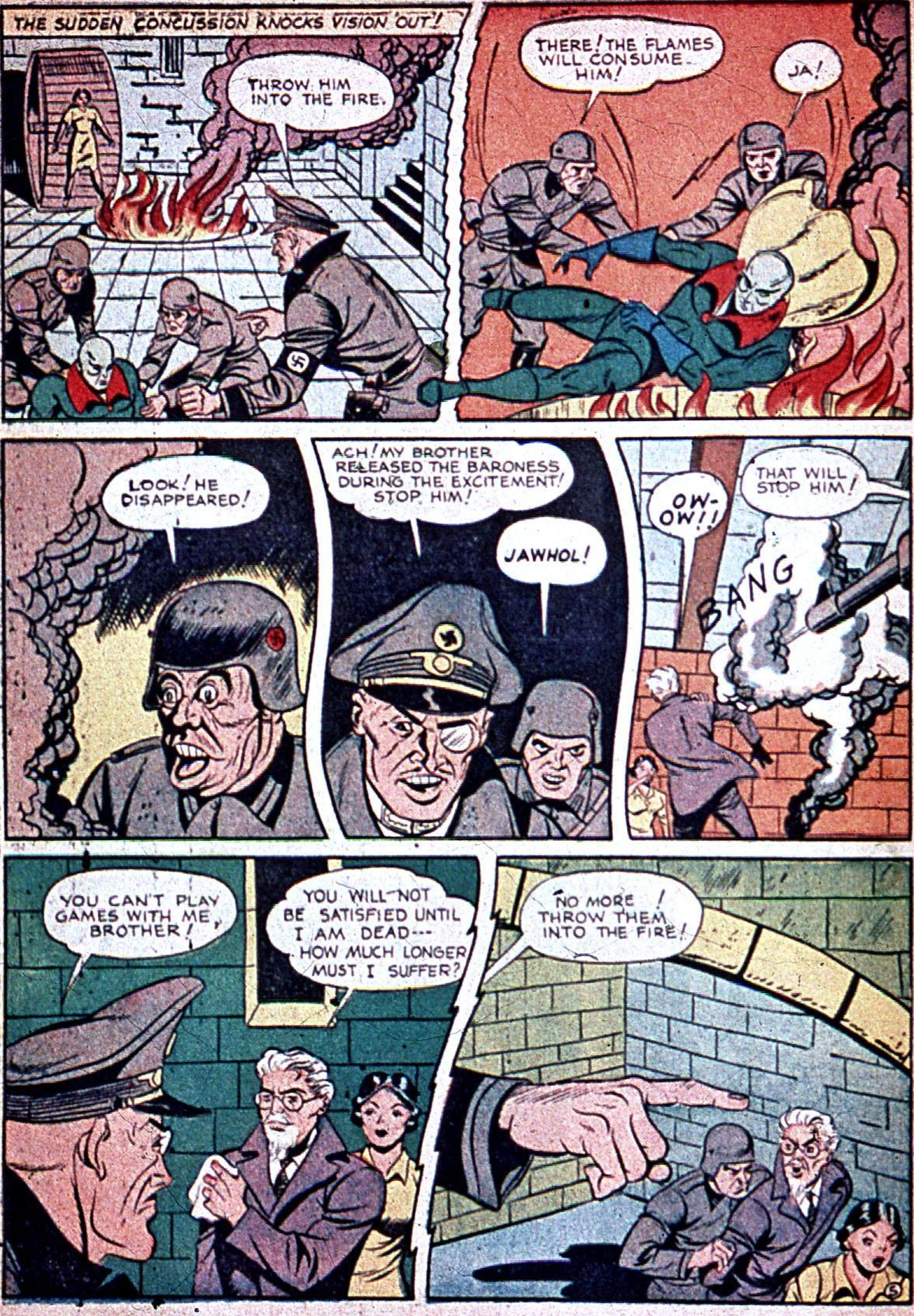
The End.

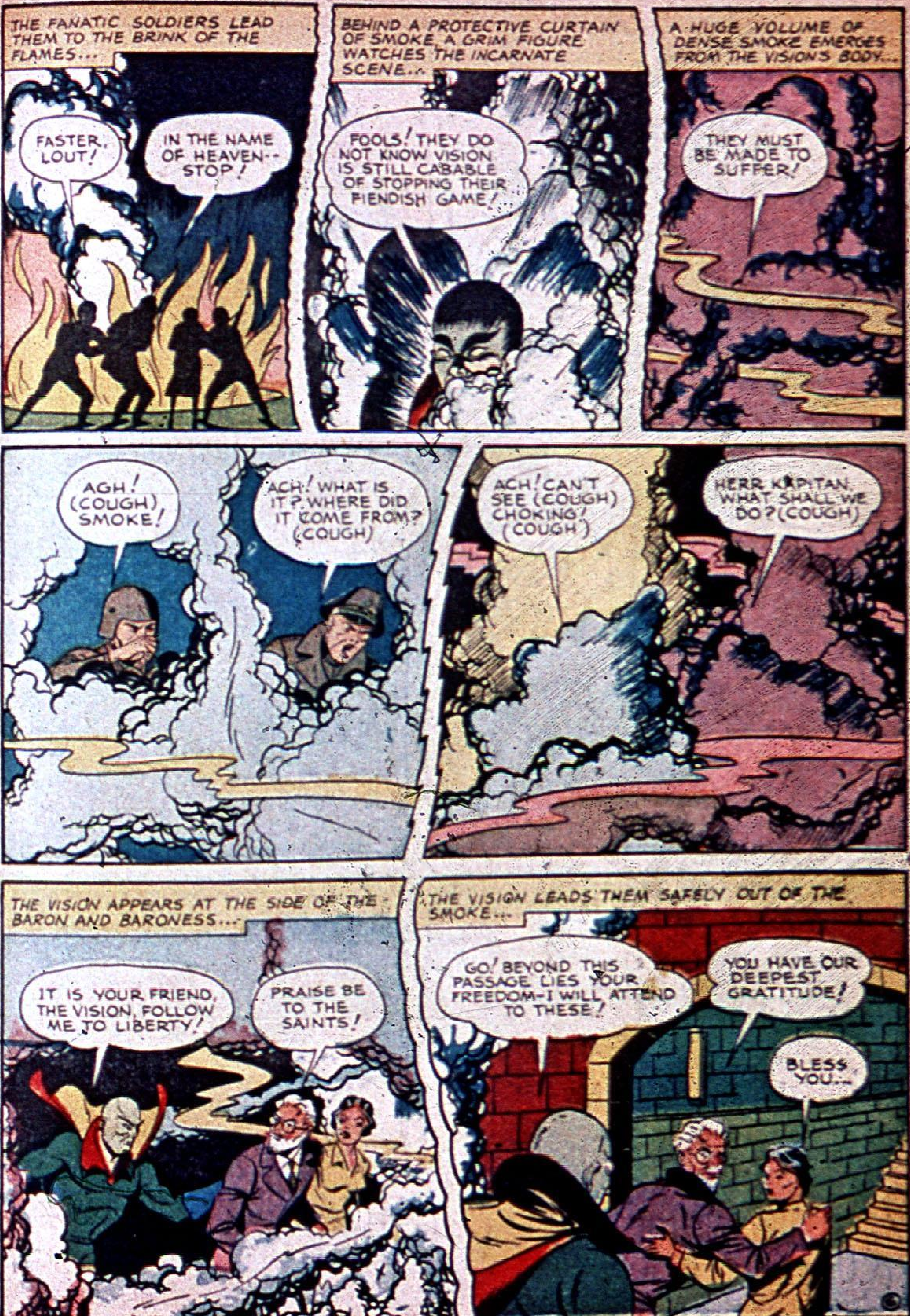

THE ....— VISION
FROM THE DARK REALM OF THE UNKNOWN MATERIALIZES THE VISION TO BRING BITTER VENGEANCE UPON THE CRUEL NAZIS WHO TRY TO DESTROY THE CHERISED DREAM OF LIBERTY!

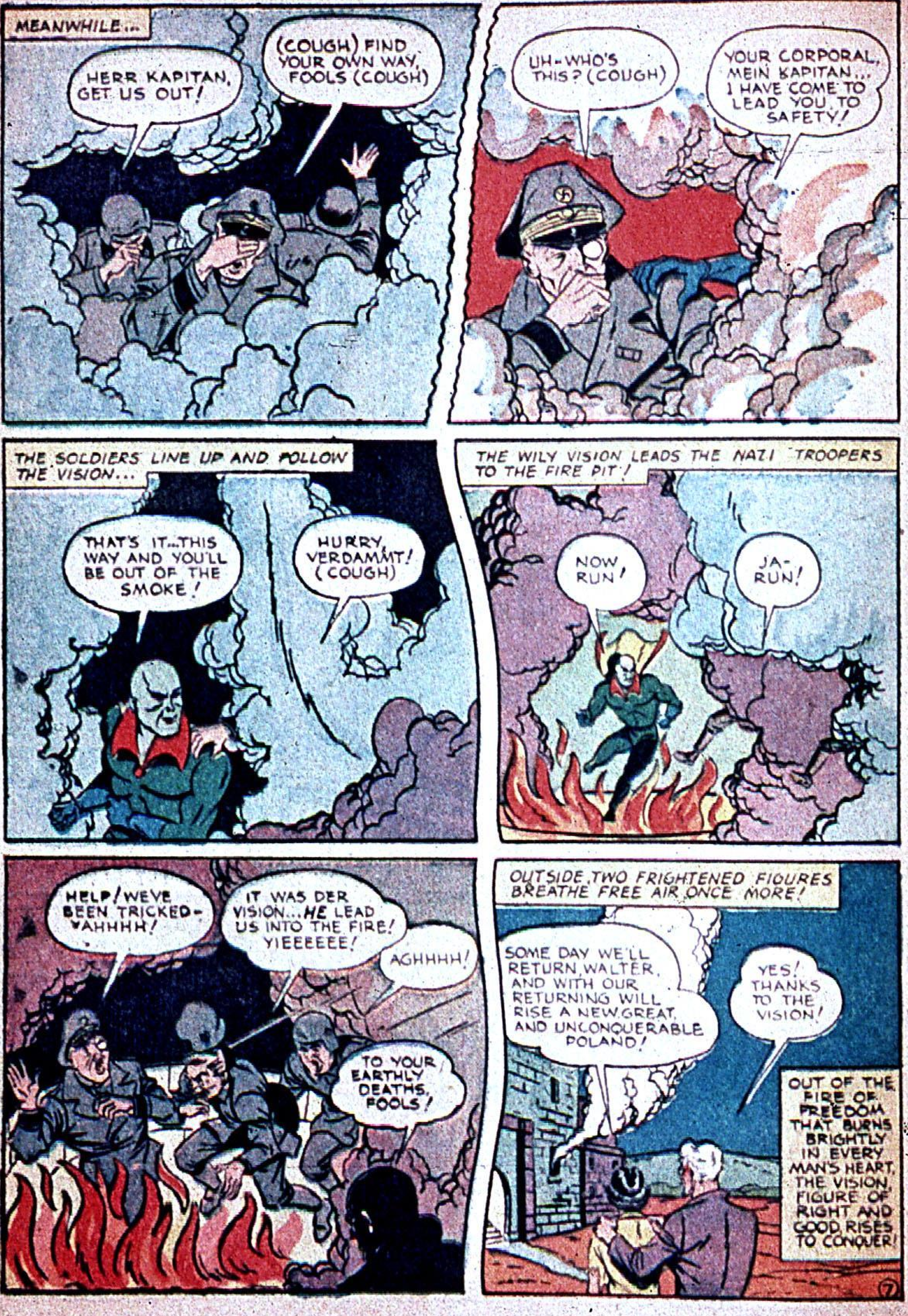

THIS IS A TALE OF INDESCRIBABLE HORROR ABOUT A TRIBE OF MEN, WHO CALLED THEMSELVES 'NAZIS', BUT WHO, IN REALITY, ARE SATAN'S HENCHMEN ON EARTH, ADVANCING UPON WARSAW, CAPITOL OF POLAND...
THREE MONTHS OF SEIGE AND WARSAW IS OVER RUN... POLAND FALLS!
AT CASTLE PAVLEK TEN MILES FROM WARSAW...
SEE THAT NO ONE ESCAPES FROM THE CASTLE!
INSIDE THE HUGE STONE EDIFICE, BARON AND BARONESS PAVLEK WATCH THE TROOPERS ADVANCING WITH HORROR...
WE ARE DOOMED, DEAREST, THEY COME NOW!
OH! THEY APPEAR SO FAST WE COULD NOT ESCAPE!
OH, JOHN... KILL ME NOW!
NO! PERHAPS THERE IS YET A CHANCE!
THE DOOR IS THROWN OPEN...
HEIL HITLER, **BROTHER**!
FELIX! FELIX PAVLEK, MY BROTHER... **A NAZI!**
YES!
BLACKGUARD! MURDERER! A SHAME UPON YOUR NOBLE LINEAGE! AS YOUR BROTHER AND ELDEST OF THE FAMILY IT IS MY DUTY TO **KILL YOU!**

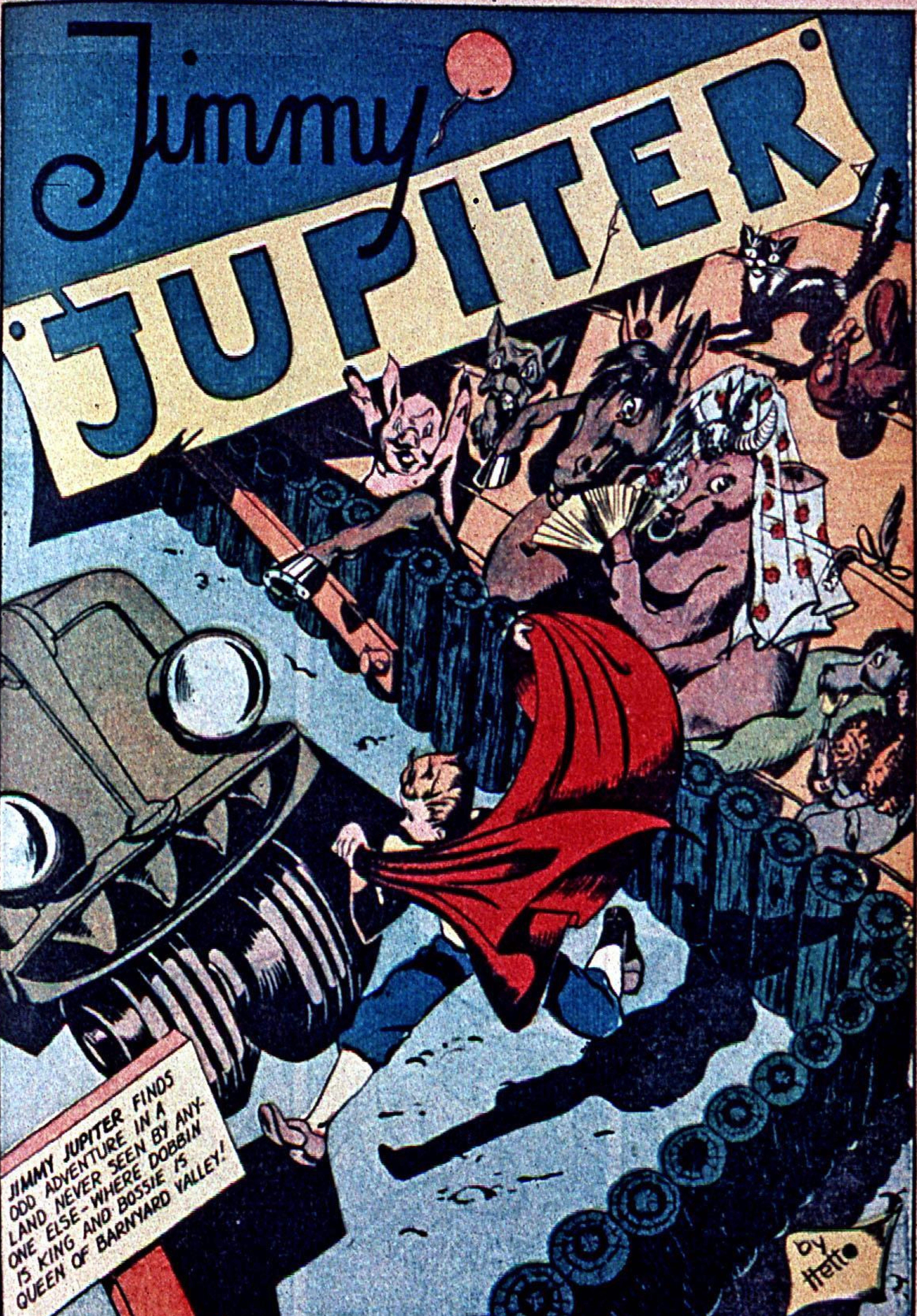

BUT...
DOG! DROP IT!
BANG
OW!
GOOD WORK, GUARD!
TO THE DUNGEON WITH THEM! I SHALL TEACH MY BROTHER THAT IT WAS UNWISE FOR HIM TO BERATE THE NAZI CAUSE...
JAWHOL!
FELIX, HOW COULD YOU FALL IN WITH THESE BUTCHERS?
SILENCE, FOOL! I HAVE BEEN PROMISED GREAT GLORIES! YOU COULD HAVE HAD THEM, TOO BUT YOU REFUSED!
LIGHT THE FIRE!
FELIX! WHAT ARE YOU GOING TO DO?
THE BARONESS IS STRAPPED TO A LARGE ROLLING FRAME...
NO, FELIX! NOT HER-- TAKE ME!
SHUT UP, DRIBBLING FOOL! ALL MY LIFE YOU MAKE THINGS MISERABLE FOR ME. NOW IS MY MOMENT OF REVENGE! ROLL HER TO THE FIRE!
TWO NAZIS PUSH THE FRAME NEAR TO THE UNBEARABLE HEAT--
EEEEEEEE! STOP! OWWW!
AS THE BARONESS SCREAMS IN AGONY, A SPARTAN FIGURE OF JUSTICE MATERIALIZES FROM THE SMOKE-- THE VISION!
LOOK, HEINRICH!
YAAH! HE MUST BE THE DEVIL!

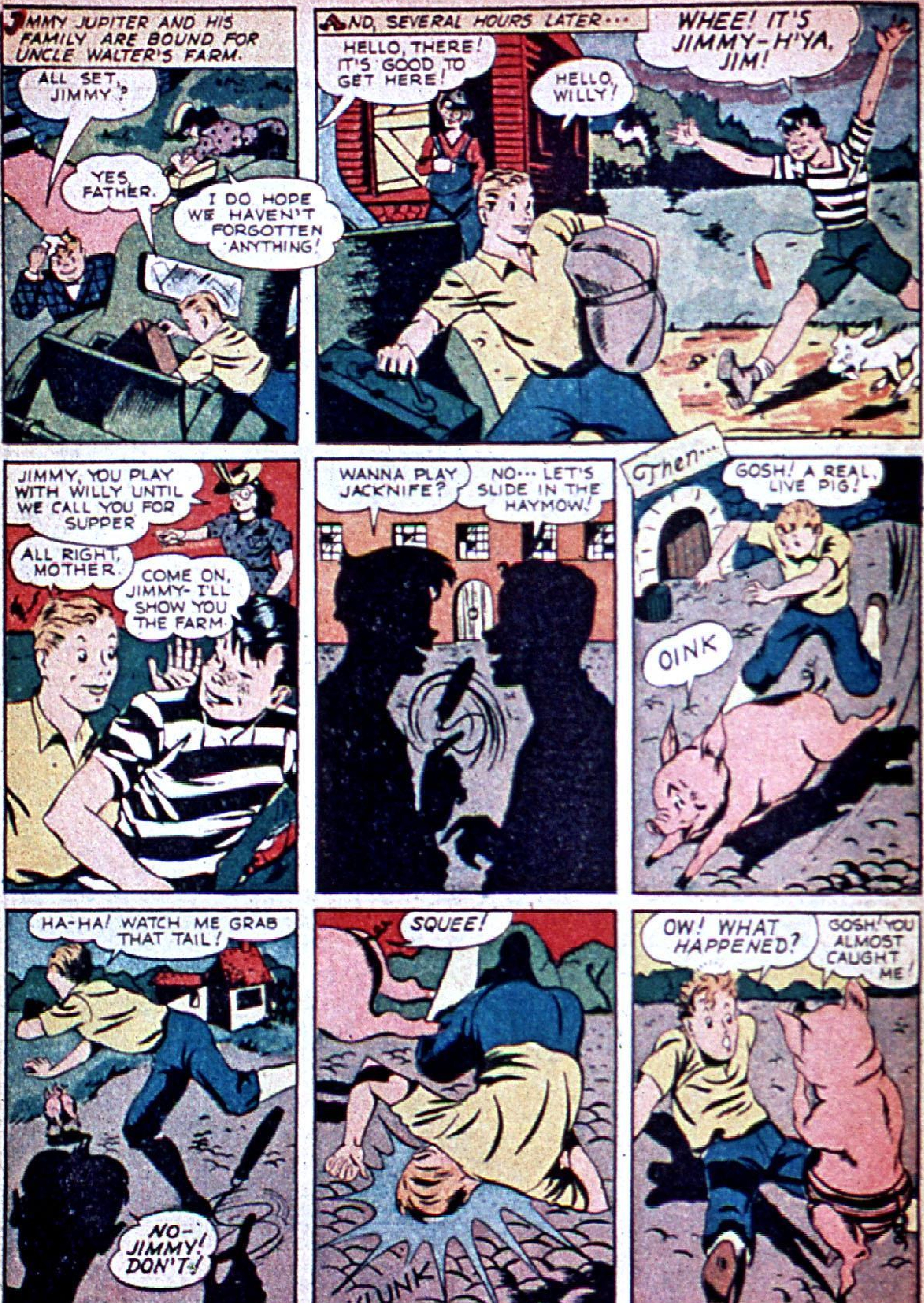

SHOOT HIM!
JA!
LAY ASIDE YOUR WEAPONS, FOUL BEINGS!
YAHHH! HE STILL COMES!
BULLETS HAVE NO EFFECT UPON ME...
RA-TA-TA-TA-
THE VISION SWINGS THE SCREAMING NAZI OVER HIS HEAD...
IEEEEE!
THERE'S ONLY ONE PLACE FOR SUCH AS YOU!
IN THERE!
YEEEEEEE
BULLETS HAVE NO EFFECT ON HIM PERHAPS GRENADES WILL!
JA! TAKE MINE!
YOU ARE DOOMED!
HERE, MEDDLER!
BLAM!

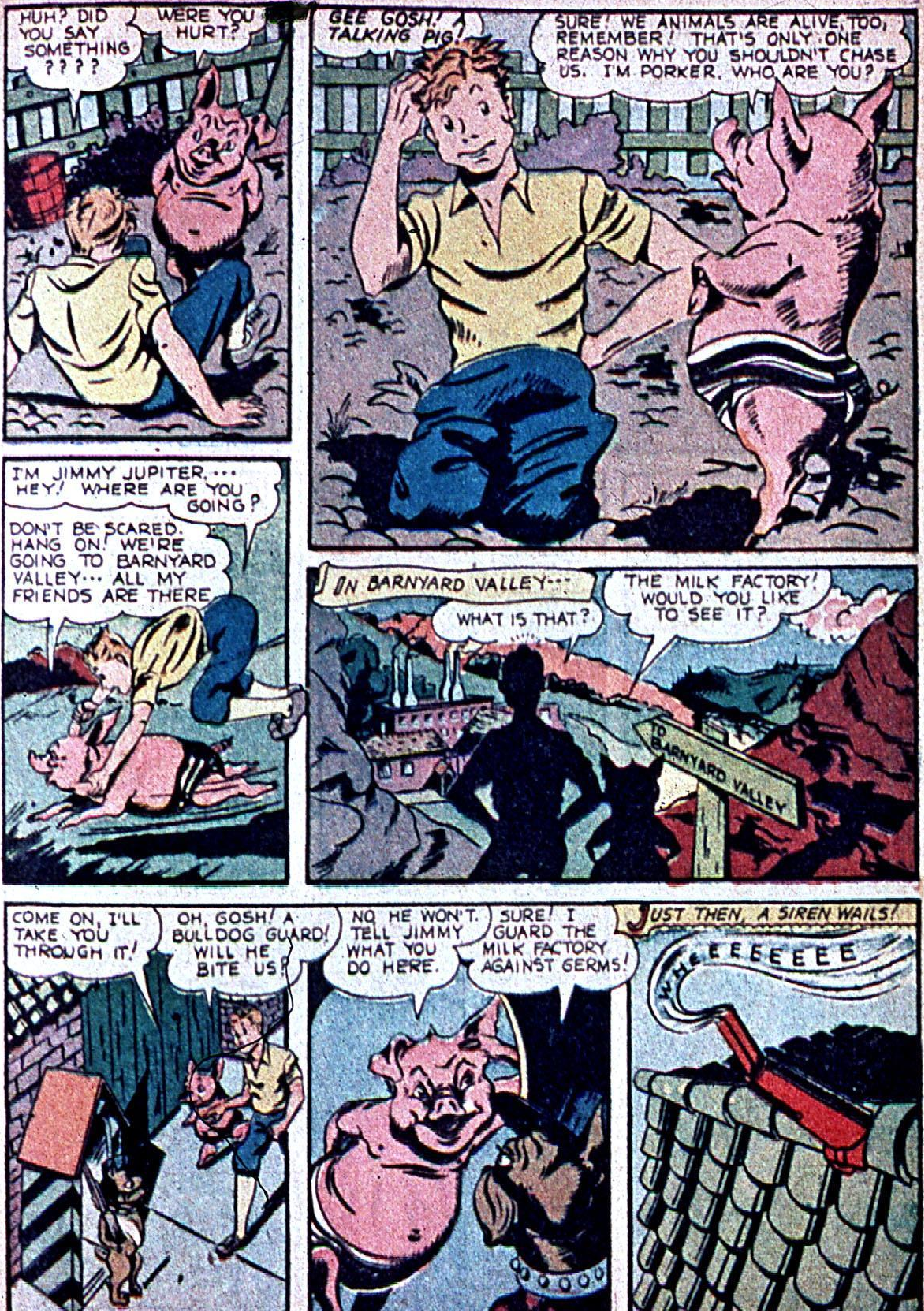

THE SUDDEN CONCUSSION KNOCKS VISION OUT!
THROW HIM INTO THE FIRE.
THERE! THE FLAMES WILL CONSUME HIM!
JA!
LOOK! HE DISAPPEARED!
ACH! MY BROTHER RELEASED THE BARONESS DURING THE EXCITEMENT! STOP HIM!
JAWHOL!
OW-OW!!
THAT WILL STOP HIM!
BANG
YOU CAN'T PLAY GAMES WITH ME, BROTHER!
YOU WILL NOT BE SATISFIED UNTIL I AM DEAD--- HOW MUCH LONGER MUST I SUFFER?
NO MORE! THROW THEM INTO THE FIRE!
5

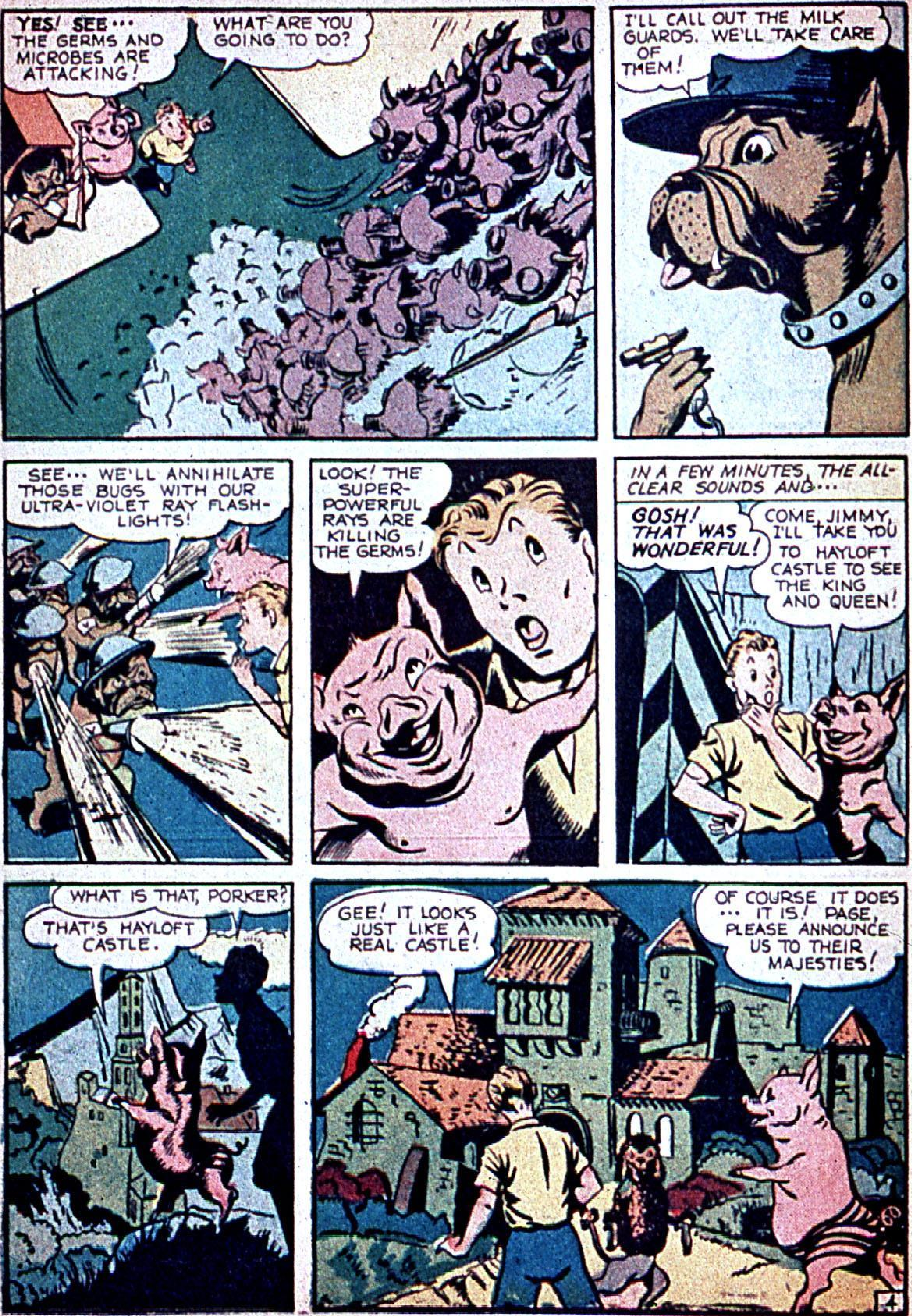

THE FANATIC SOLDIERS LEAD THEM TO THE BRINK OF THE FLAMES...
FASTER, LOUT!
IN THE NAME OF HEAVEN-- STOP!
BEHIND A PROTECTIVE CURTAIN OF SMOKE, A GRIM FIGURE WATCHES THE INCARNATE SCENE...
FOOLS! THEY DO NOT KNOW VISION IS STILL CABABLE OF STOPPING THEIR FIENDISH GAME!
A HUGE VOLUME OF DENSE SMOKE EMERGES FROM THE VISION'S BODY...
THEY MUST BE MADE TO SUFFER!
AGH! (COUGH) SMOKE!
ACH! WHAT IS IT? WHERE DID IT COME FROM? (COUGH)
ACH! CAN'T SEE (COUGH) CHOKING! (COUGH)
HERR KAPITAN, WHAT SHALL WE DO? (COUGH)
THE VISION APPEARS AT THE SIDE OF THE BARON AND BARONESS...
IT IS YOUR FRIEND, THE VISION, FOLLOW ME TO LIBERTY!
PRAISE BE TO THE SAINTS!
THE VISION LEADS THEM SAFELY OUT OF THE SMOKE...
GO! BEYOND THIS PASSAGE LIES YOUR FREEDOM-I WILL ATTEND TO THESE!
YOU HAVE OUR DEEPEST GRATITUDE!
BLESS YOU...
6

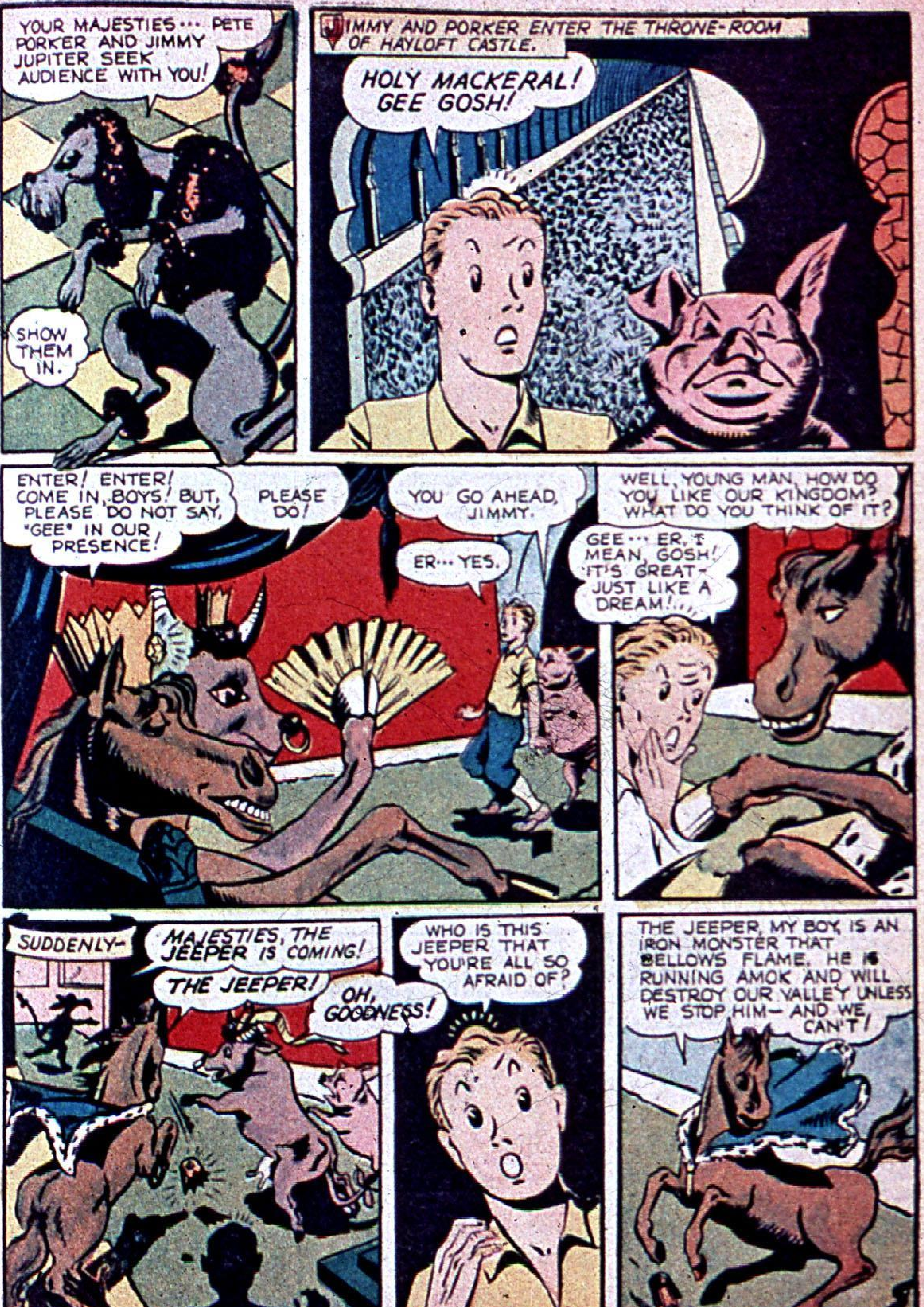

MEANWHILE...
HERR KAPITAN, GET US OUT!
(COUGH) FIND YOUR OWN WAY, FOOLS (COUGH)
UH-WHO'S THIS? (COUGH)
YOUR CORPORAL, MEIN KAPITAN... I HAVE COME TO LEAD YOU TO SAFETY!
THE SOLDIERS LINE UP AND FOLLOW THE VISION...
THAT'S IT...THIS WAY AND YOU'LL BE OUT OF THE SMOKE!
HURRY, VERDAMMT! (COUGH)
THE WILY VISION LEADS THE NAZI TROOPERS TO THE FIRE PIT!
NOW RUN!
JA-RUN!
HELP! WEVE BEEN TRICKED-YAHHHH!
IT WAS DER VISION...HE LEAD US INTO THE FIRE! YIEEEEEE!
AGHHHH!
TO YOUR EARTHLY DEATHS, FOOLS!
OUTSIDE, TWO FRIGHTENED FIOURES BREATHE FREE AIR ONCE MORE!
SOME DAY WE'LL RETURN, WALTER, AND WITH OUR RETURNING WILL RISE A NEW, GREAT, AND UNCONQUERABLE POLAND!
YES! THANKS TO THE VISION!
OUT OF THE FIRE OF FREEDOM THAT BURNS BRIGHTLY IN EVERY MAN'S HEART, THE VISION, FIGURE OF RIGHT AND GOOD, RISES TO CONQUER!
7

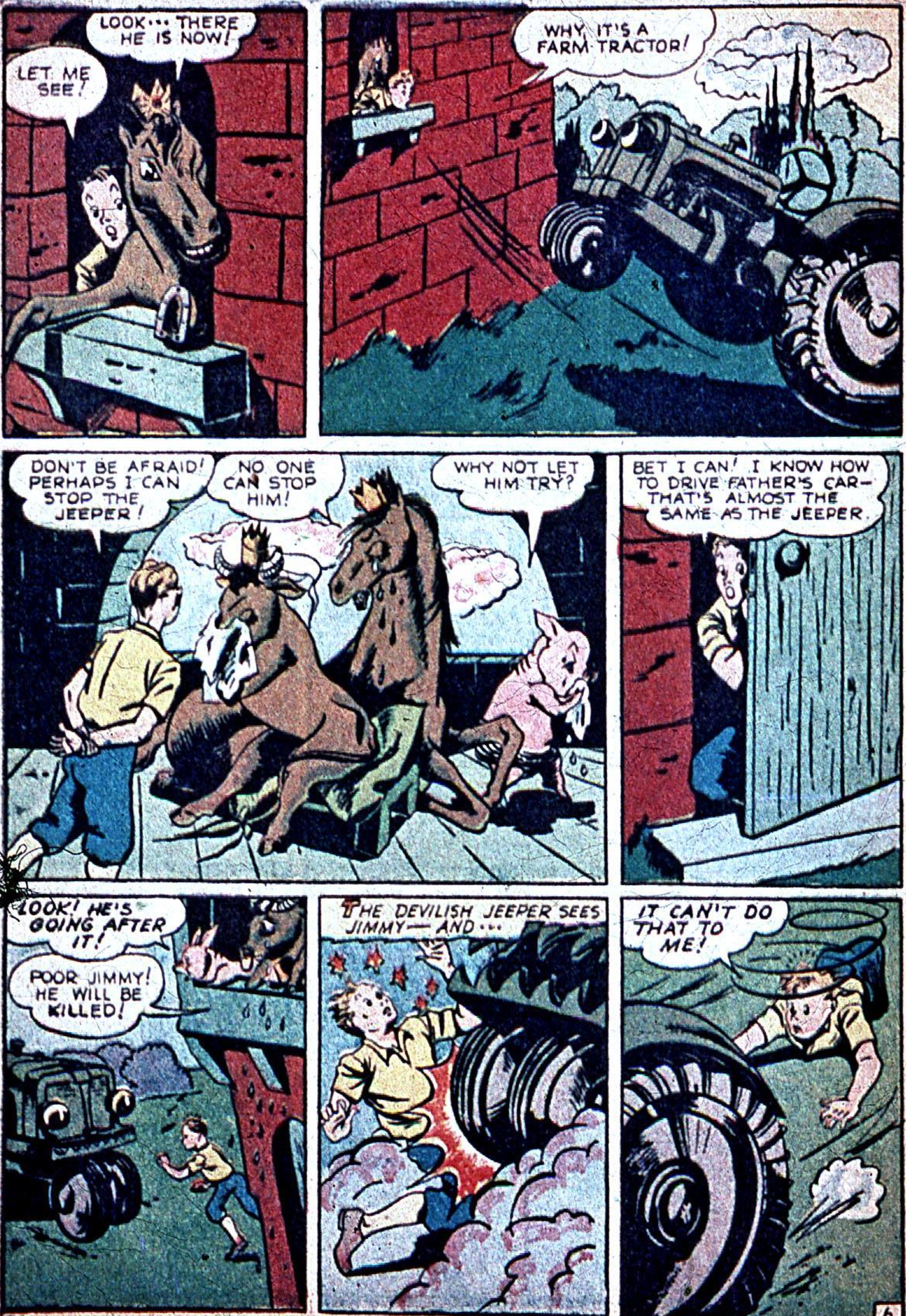

Jimmy
JUPITER
JIMMY JUPITER FINDS ODD ADVENTURE IN A LAND NEVER SEEN BY ANY-ONE ELSE - WHERE DOBBIN IS KING AND BOSSIE IS QUEEN OF BARNYARD VALLEY!
by Hetto

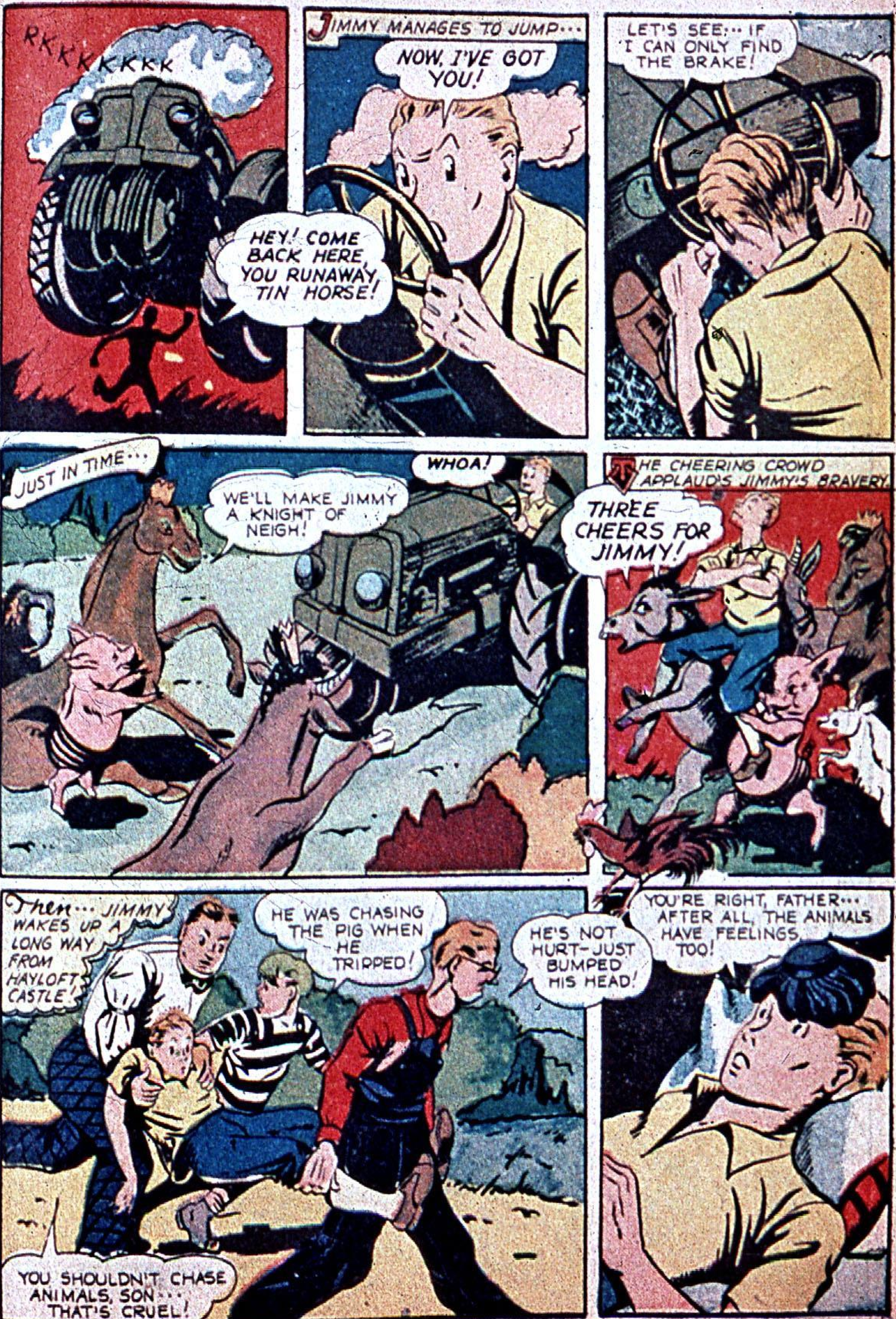

JIMMY JUPITER AND HIS FAMILY ARE BOUND FOR UNCLE WALTER'S FARM.
ALL SET, JIMMY?
YES, FATHER.
I DO HOPE WE HAVEN'T FORGOTTEN ANYTHING!
AND, SEVERAL HOURS LATER...
HELLO, THERE! IT'S GOOD TO GET HERE!
HELLO, WILLY!
WHEE! IT'S JIMMY–H'YA, JIM!
JIMMY, YOU PLAY WITH WILLY UNTIL WE CALL YOU FOR SUPPER
ALL RIGHT, MOTHER.
COME ON, JIMMY– I'LL SHOW YOU THE FARM.
WANNA PLAY JACKNIFE?
NO... LET'S SLIDE IN THE HAYMOW!
Then...
GOSH! A REAL, LIVE PIG!
OINK
HA-HA! WATCH ME GRAB THAT TAIL!
NO– JIMMY! DON'T!
SQUEE!
KLUNK
OW! WHAT HAPPENED?
GOSH! YOU ALMOST CAUGHT ME!

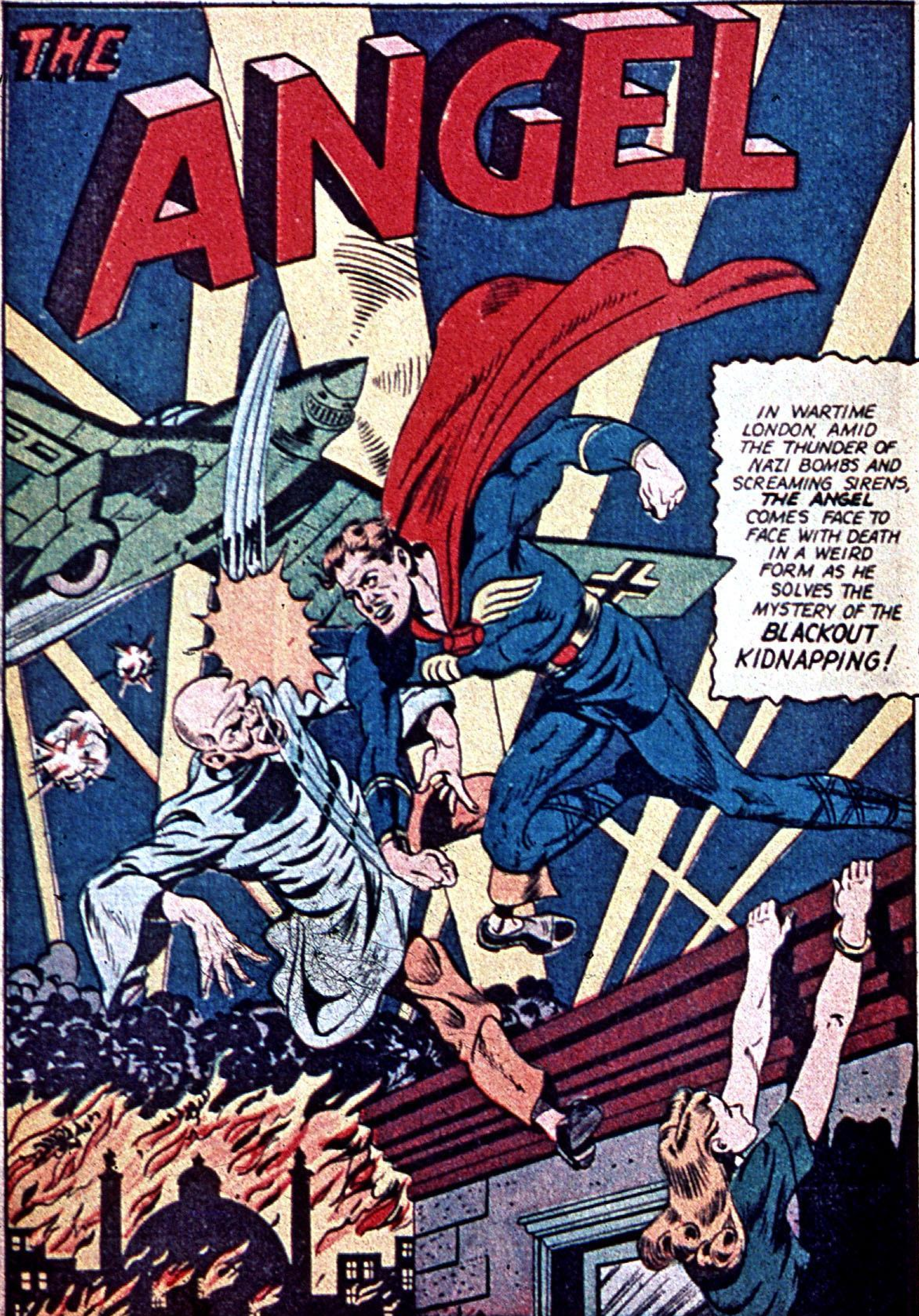

HUH? DID YOU SAY SOMETHING ????
WERE YOU HURT?
GEE GOSH! A TALKING PIG!
SURE! WE ANIMALS ARE ALIVE, TOO, REMEMBER! THAT'S ONLY ONE REASON WHY YOU SHOULDN'T CHASE US. I'M PORKER. WHO ARE YOU?
I'M JIMMY JUPITER... HEY! WHERE ARE YOU GOING?
DON'T BE SCARED. HANG ON! WE'RE GOING TO BARNYARD VALLEY... ALL MY FRIENDS ARE THERE.
ON BARNYARD VALLEY...
WHAT IS THAT?
THE MILK FACTORY! WOULD YOU LIKE TO SEE IT?
TO BARNYARD VALLEY
COME ON, I'LL TAKE YOU THROUGH IT!
OH, GOSH! A BULLDOG GUARD! WILL HE BITE US?
NO HE WON'T. TELL JIMMY WHAT YOU DO HERE.
SURE! I GUARD THE MILK FACTORY AGAINST GERMS!
JUST THEN, A SIREN WAILS!
WHEEEEEEEE
5

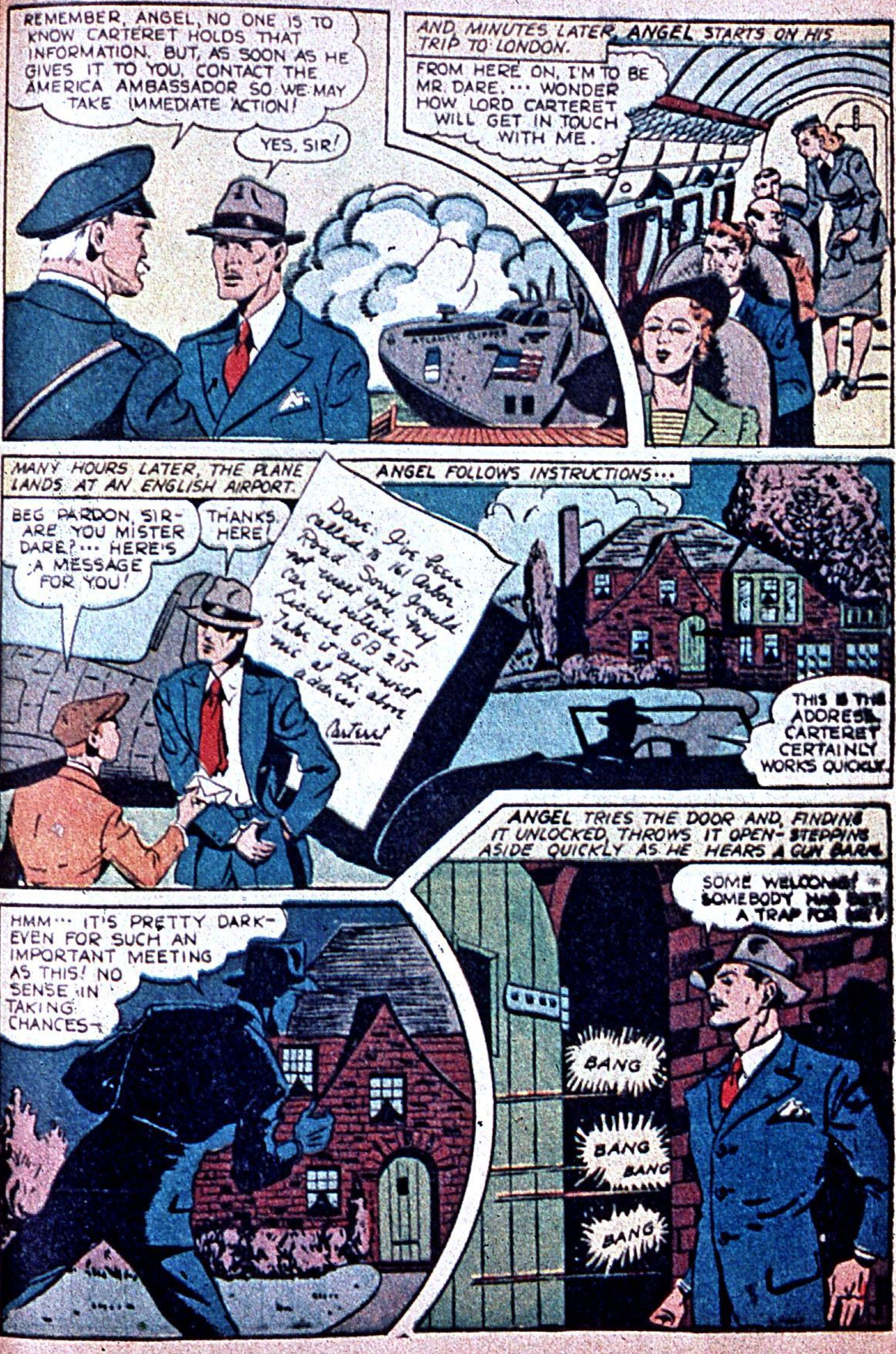

YES! SEE··· THE GERMS AND MICROBES ARE ATTACKING!
WHAT ARE YOU GOING TO DO?
I'LL CALL OUT THE MILK GUARDS. WE'LL TAKE CARE OF THEM!
SEE··· WE'LL ANNIHILATE THOSE BUGS WITH OUR ULTRA-VIOLET RAY FLASHLIGHTS!
LOOK! THE SUPER-POWERFUL RAYS ARE KILLING THE GERMS!
IN A FEW MINUTES, THE ALL-CLEAR SOUNDS AND···
GOSH! THAT WAS WONDERFUL!
COME, JIMMY, I'LL TAKE YOU TO HAYLOFT CASTLE TO SEE THE KING AND QUEEN!
WHAT IS THAT, PORKER?
THAT'S HAYLOFT CASTLE.
GEE! IT LOOKS JUST LIKE A REAL CASTLE!
OF COURSE IT DOES ··· IT IS! PAGE, PLEASE ANNOUNCE US TO THEIR MAJESTIES!
4

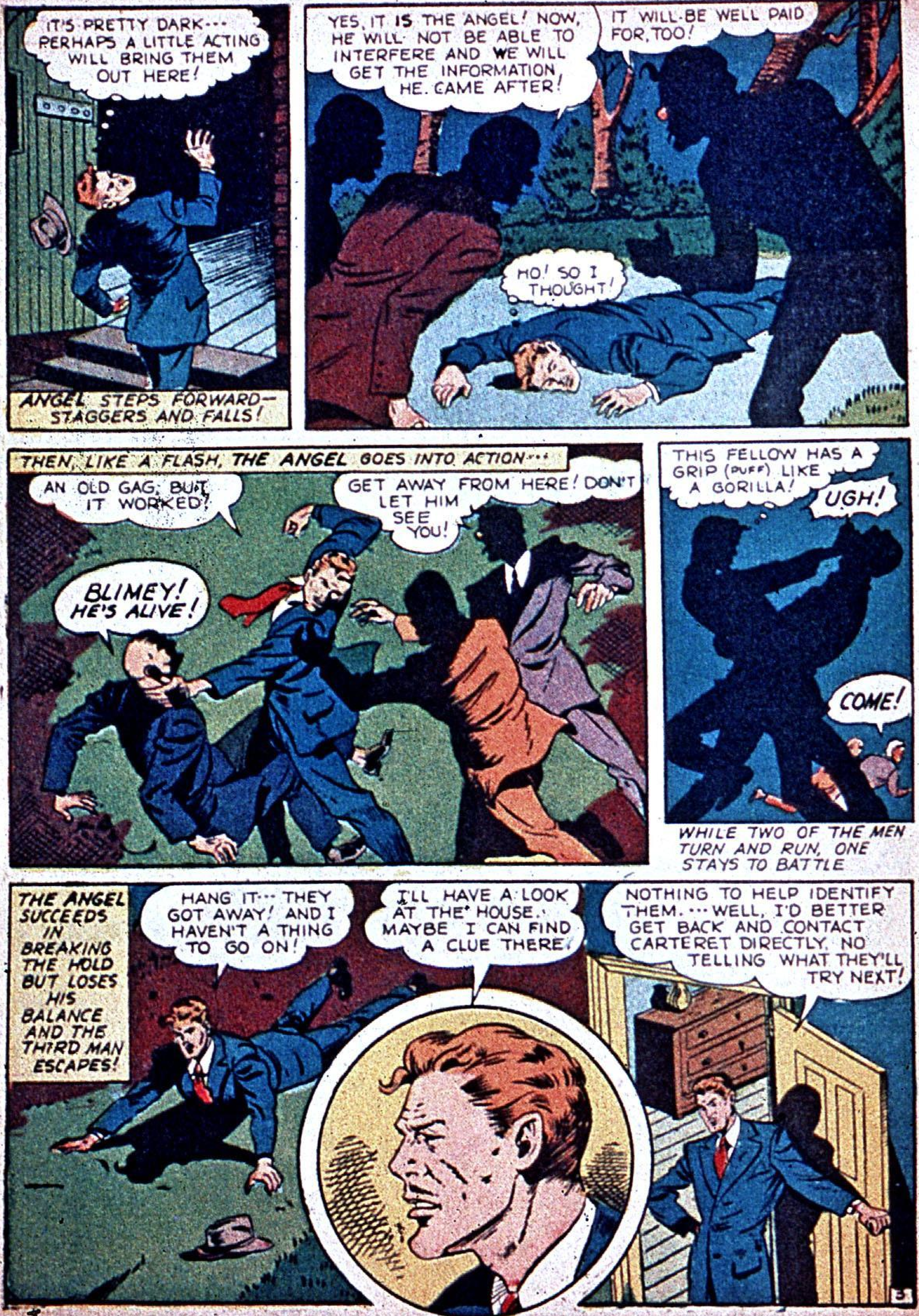

YOUR MAJESTIES... PETE PORKER AND JIMMY JUPITER SEEK AUDIENCE WITH YOU!
SHOW THEM IN.
JIMMY AND PORKER ENTER THE THRONE-ROOM OF HAYLOFT CASTLE.
HOLY MACKERAL! GEE GOSH!
ENTER! ENTER! COME IN, BOYS! BUT, PLEASE DO NOT SAY, "GEE" IN OUR PRESENCE!
PLEASE DO!
YOU GO AHEAD, JIMMY.
ER... YES.
WELL, YOUNG MAN, HOW DO YOU LIKE OUR KINGDOM? WHAT DO YOU THINK OF IT?
GEE... ER, I MEAN, GOSH! IT'S GREAT-JUST LIKE A DREAM!
SUDDENLY-
MAJESTIES, THE JEEPER IS COMING!
THE JEEPER!
OH, GOODNESS!
WHO IS THIS JEEPER THAT YOU'RE ALL SO AFRAID OF?
THE JEEPER, MY BOY, IS AN IRON MONSTER THAT BELLOWS FLAME. HE IS RUNNING AMOK AND WILL DESTROY OUR VALLEY UNLESS WE STOP HIM- AND WE CAN'T!

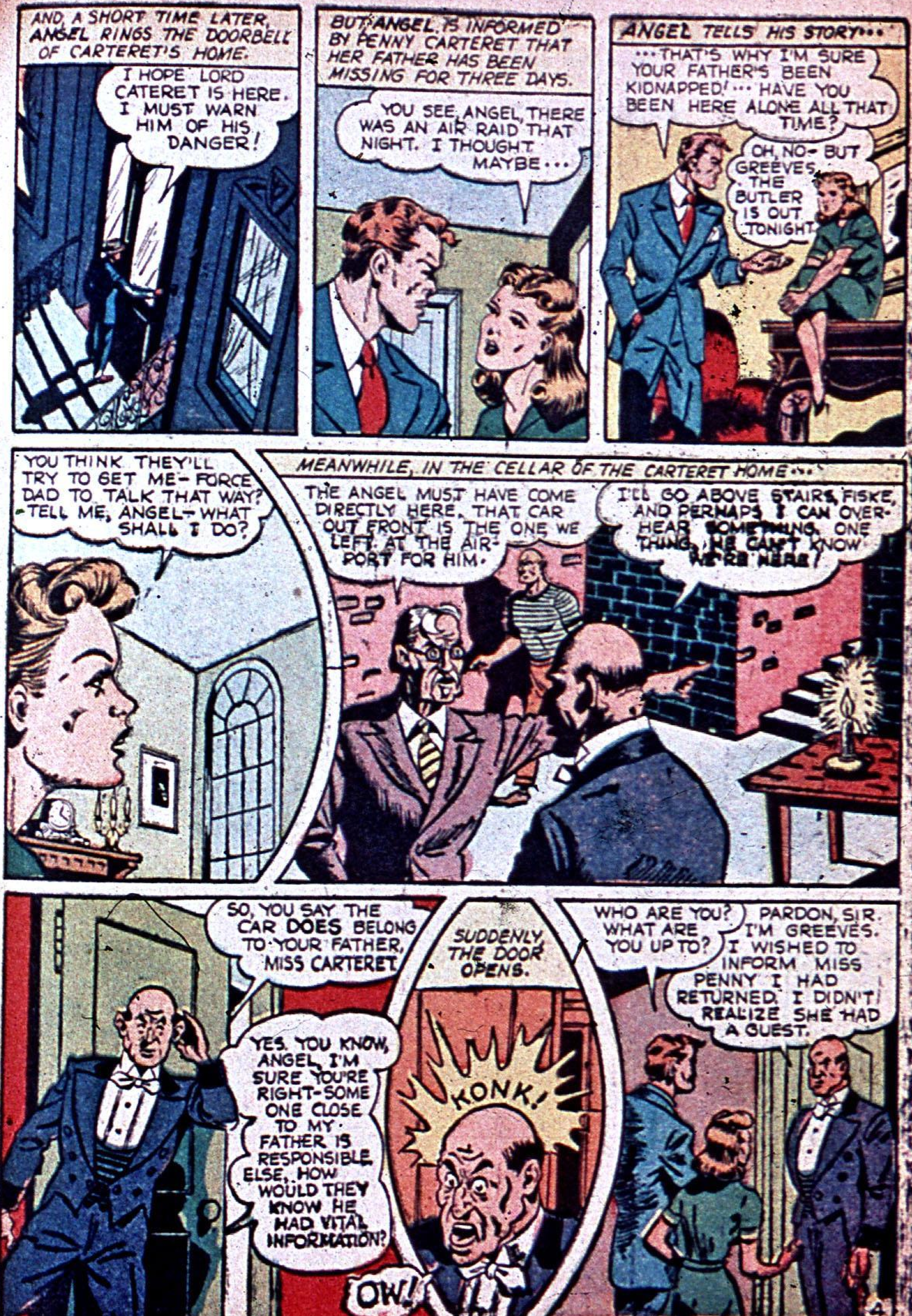

LOOK··· THERE HE IS NOW!
LET ME SEE!
WHY, IT'S A FARM TRACTOR!
DON'T BE AFRAID! PERHAPS I CAN STOP THE JEEPER!
NO ONE CAN STOP HIM!
WHY NOT LET HIM TRY?
BET I CAN! I KNOW HOW TO DRIVE FATHER'S CAR— THAT'S ALMOST THE SAME AS THE JEEPER.
LOOK! HE'S GOING AFTER IT!
POOR JIMMY! HE WILL BE KILLED!
THE DEVILISH JEEPER SEES JIMMY— AND···
IT CAN'T DO THAT TO ME!

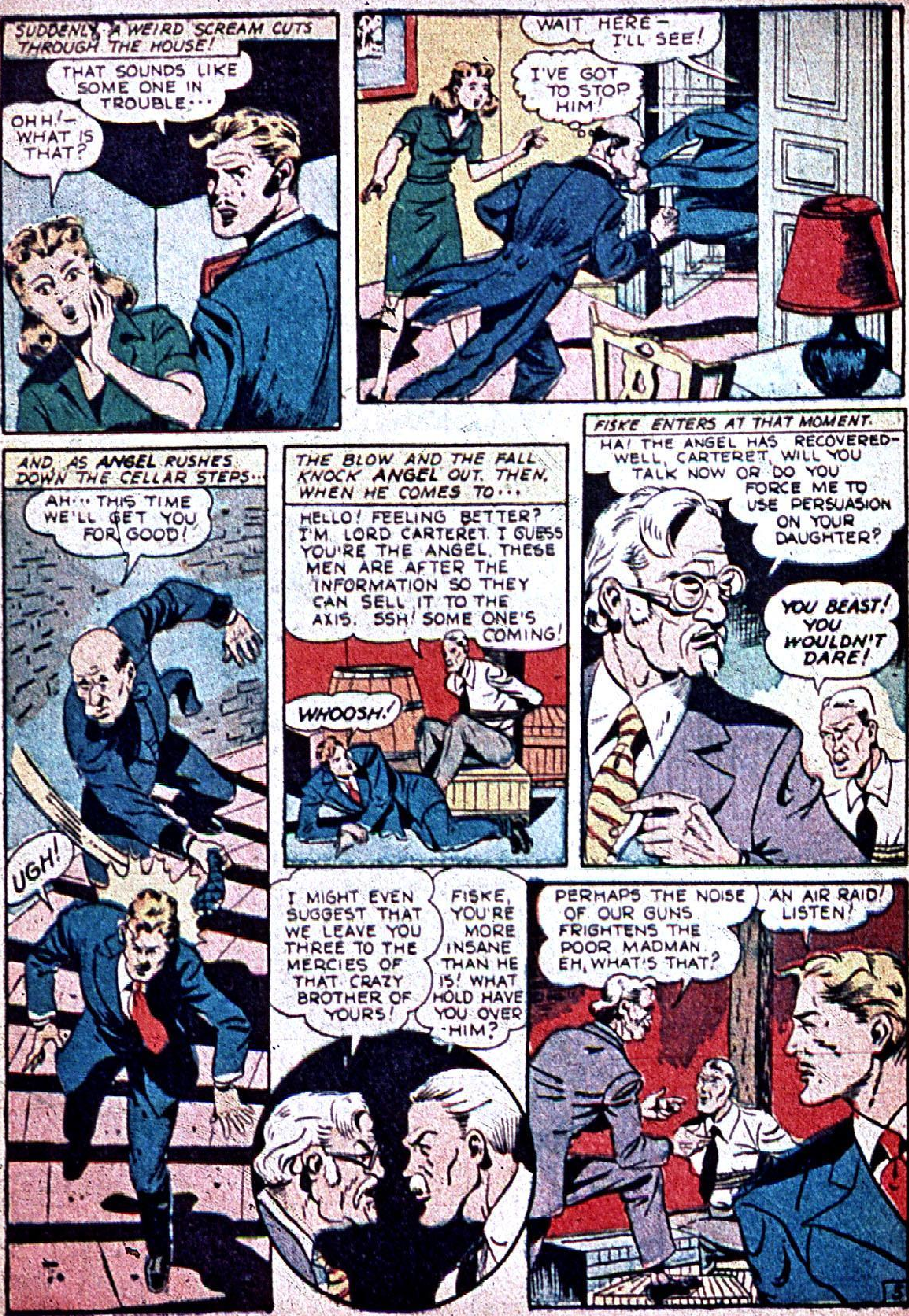

RKKKKKKKK
JIMMY MANAGES TO JUMP...
NOW, I'VE GOT YOU!
HEY! COME BACK HERE, YOU RUNAWAY TIN HORSE!
LET'S SEE... IF I CAN ONLY FIND THE BRAKE!
JUST IN TIME...
WE'LL MAKE JIMMY A KNIGHT OF NEIGH!
WHOA!
THE CHEERING CROWD APPLAUD'S JIMMY'S BRAVERY!
THREE CHEERS FOR JIMMY!
Then... JIMMY WAKES UP A LONG WAY FROM HAYLOFT CASTLE!
HE WAS CHASING THE PIG WHEN HE TRIPPED!
HE'S NOT HURT-JUST BUMPED HIS HEAD!
YOU SHOULDN'T CHASE ANIMALS, SON... THAT'S CRUEL!
YOU'RE RIGHT, FATHER... AFTER ALL, THE ANIMALS HAVE FEELINGS, TOO!

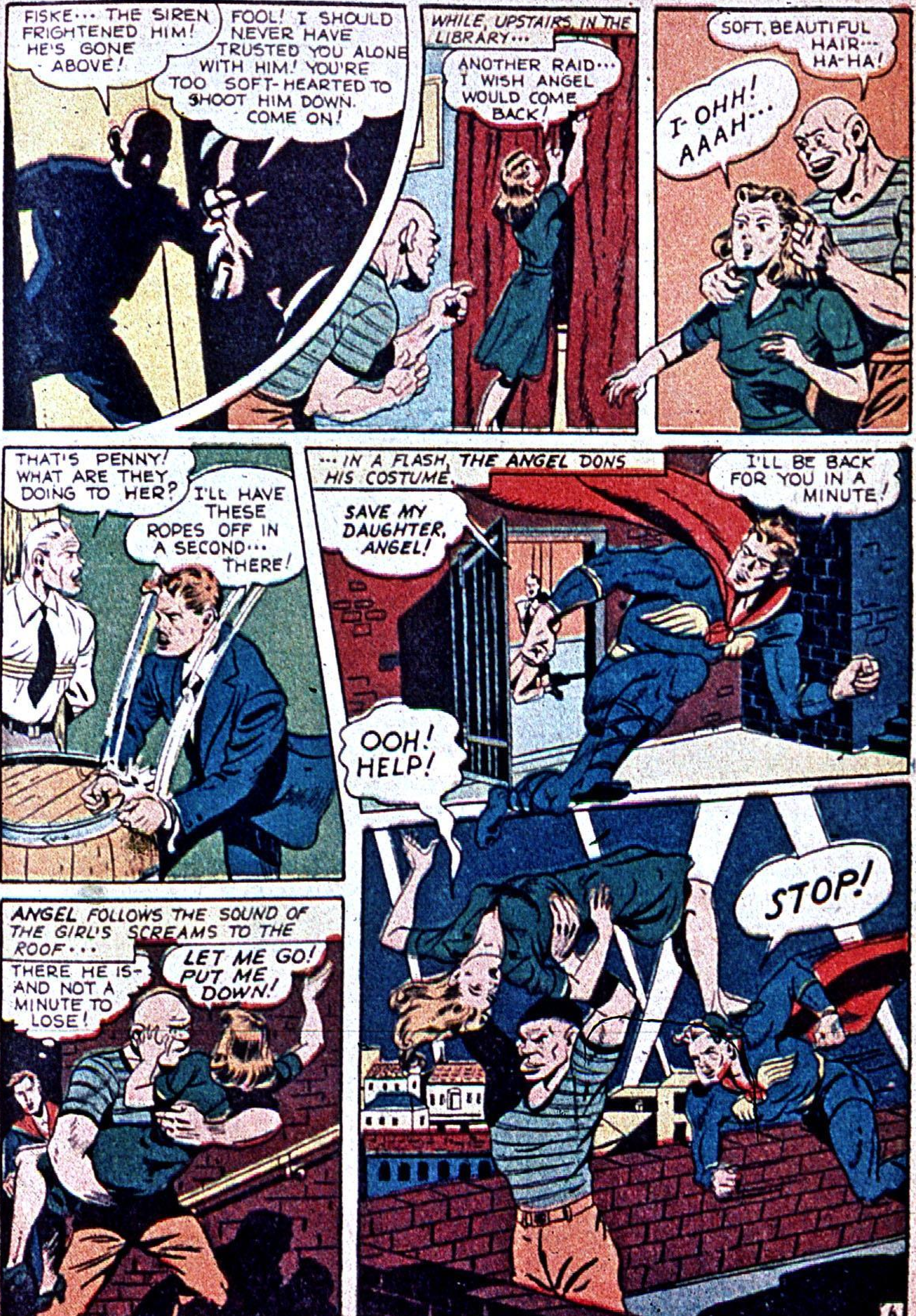

THE ANGEL
IN WARTIME LONDON, AMID THE THUNDER OF NAZI BOMBS AND SCREAMING SIRENS, THE ANGEL COMES FACE TO FACE WITH DEATH IN A WEIRD FORM AS HE SOLVES THE MYSTERY OF THE BLACKOUT KIDNAPPING!

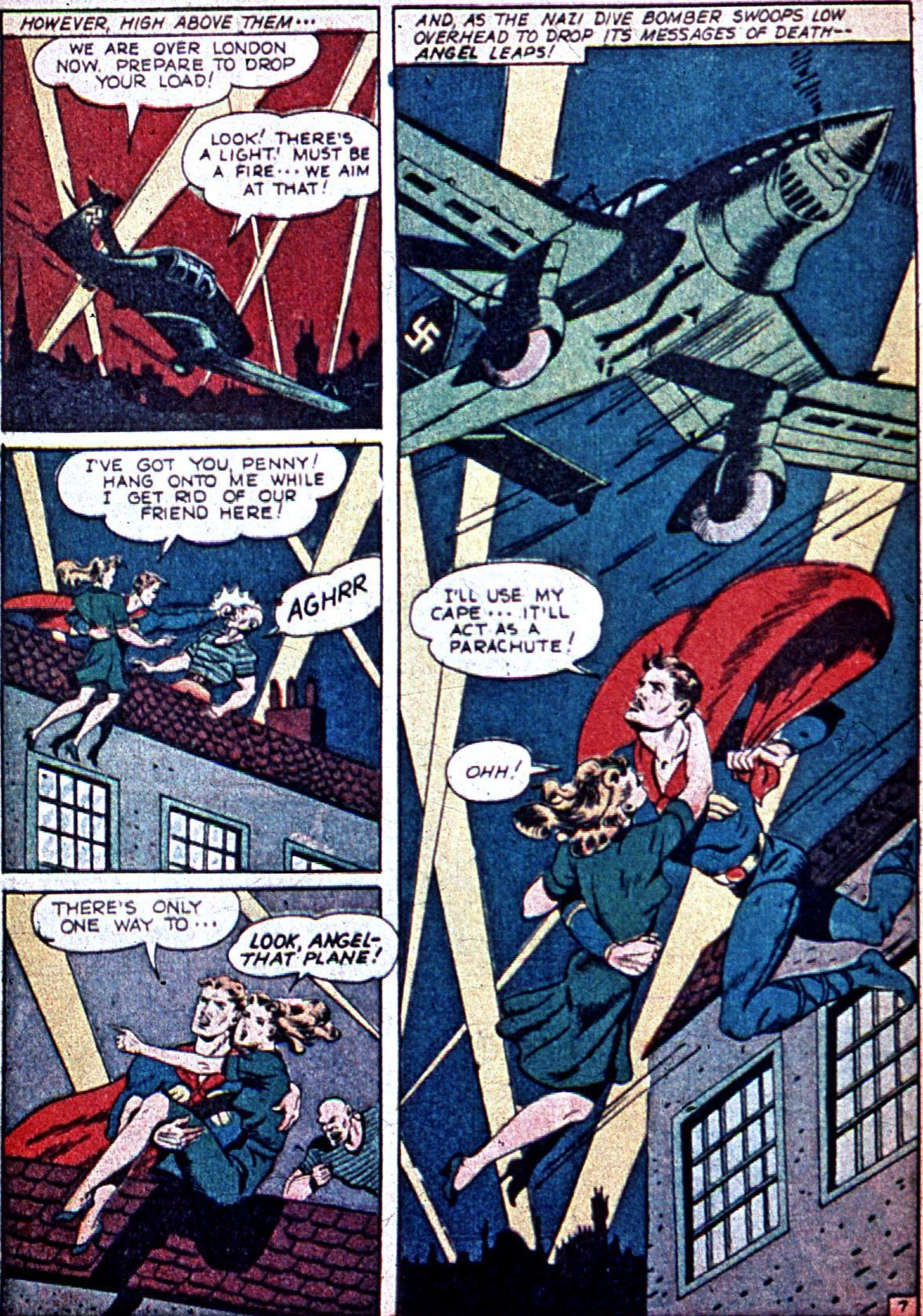

REMEMBER, ANGEL, NO ONE IS TO KNOW CARTERET HOLDS THAT INFORMATION. BUT, AS SOON AS HE GIVES IT TO YOU, CONTACT THE AMERICA AMBASSADOR SO WE MAY TAKE IMMEDIATE ACTION!
YES, SIR!
AND MINUTES LATER, ANGEL STARTS ON HIS TRIP TO LONDON.
ATLANTIC CLIPPER
FROM HERE ON, I'M TO BE MR. DARE... WONDER HOW LORD CARTERET WILL GET IN TOUCH WITH ME.
MANY HOURS LATER, THE PLANE LANDS AT AN ENGLISH AIRPORT.
BEG PARDON, SIR– ARE YOU MISTER DARE?... HERE'S A MESSAGE FOR YOU!
THANKS. HERE!
Dare: I've been called to 161 Arbor Road. Sorry I could not meet you. My car is outside. License GB 215 Take it and meet me at the above address.
Carteret
ANGEL FOLLOWS INSTRUCTIONS...
THIS IS THE ADDRESS. CARTERET CERTAINLY WORKS QUICKLY.
HMM... IT'S PRETTY DARK– EVEN FOR SUCH AN IMPORTANT MEETING AS THIS! NO SENSE IN TAKING CHANCES–
ANGEL TRIES THE DOOR AND, FINDING IT UNLOCKED, THROWS IT OPEN– STEPPING ASIDE QUICKLY AS HE HEARS A GUN BARK.
SOME WELCOME! – SOMEBODY HAS SET A TRAP FOR ME!
BANG
BANG
BANG
BANG

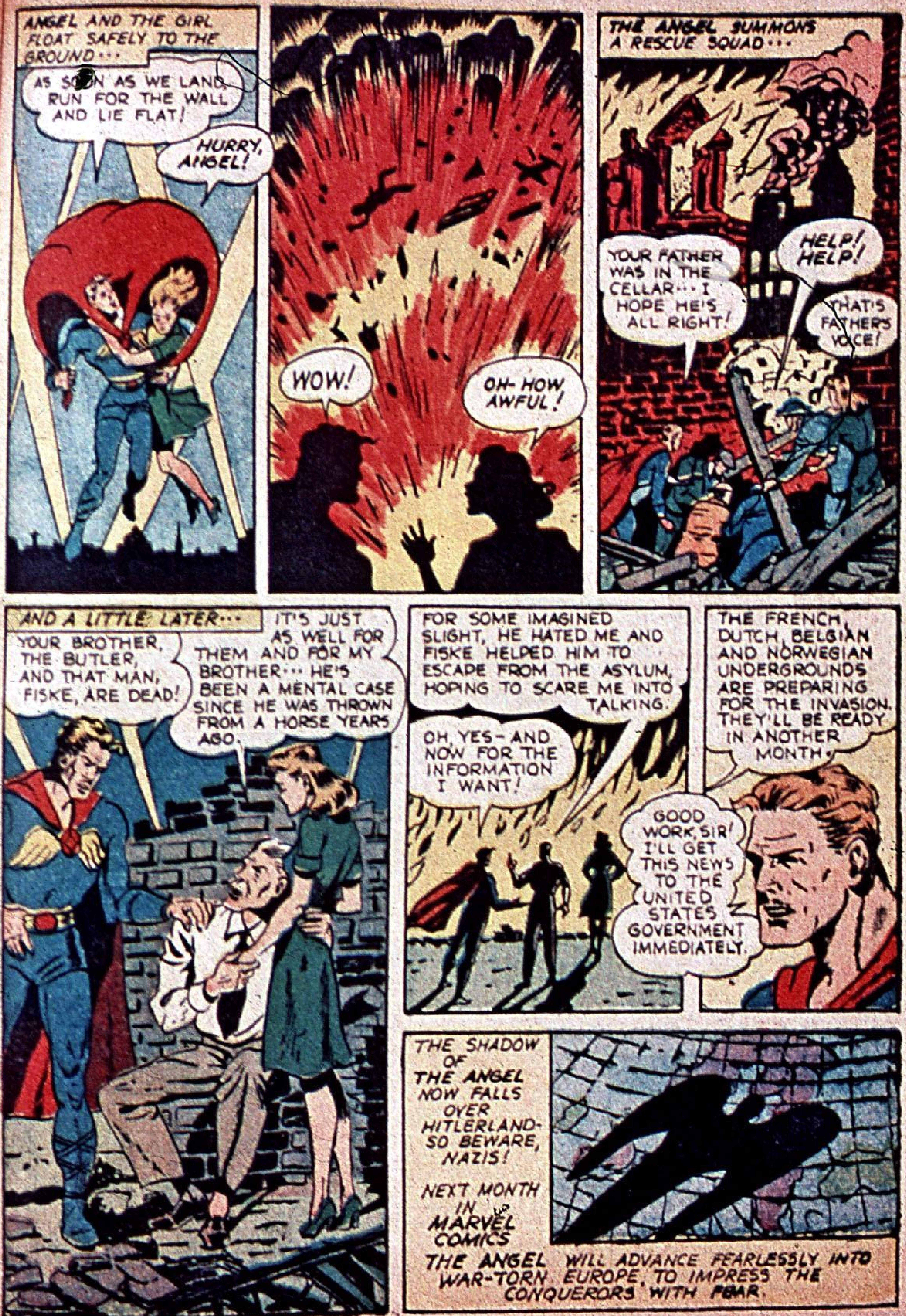

IT'S PRETTY DARK--- PERHAPS A LITTLE ACTING WILL BRING THEM OUT HERE!
ANGEL STEPS FORWARD— STAGGERS AND FALLS!
YES, IT IS THE ANGEL! NOW, HE WILL NOT BE ABLE TO INTERFERE AND WE WILL GET THE INFORMATION HE CAME AFTER!
IT WILL BE WELL PAID FOR, TOO!
HO! SO I THOUGHT!
THEN, LIKE A FLASH, THE ANGEL GOES INTO ACTION---
AN OLD GAG, BUT IT WORKED!
GET AWAY FROM HERE! DON'T LET HIM SEE YOU!
BLIMEY! HE'S ALIVE!
THIS FELLOW HAS A GRIP (PUFF) LIKE A GORILLA!
UGH!
COME!
WHILE TWO OF THE MEN TURN AND RUN, ONE STAYS TO BATTLE
THE ANGEL SUCCEEDS IN BREAKING THE HOLD BUT LOSES HIS BALANCE AND THE THIRD MAN ESCAPES!
HANG IT--- THEY GOT AWAY! AND I HAVEN'T A THING TO GO ON!
I'LL HAVE A LOOK AT THE HOUSE. MAYBE I CAN FIND A CLUE THERE!
NOTHING TO HELP IDENTIFY THEM.---WELL, I'D BETTER GET BACK AND CONTACT CARTERET DIRECTLY. NO TELLING WHAT THEY'LL TRY NEXT!
5


AND A SHORT TIME LATER, ANGEL RINGS THE DOORBELL OF CARTERET'S HOME.
I HOPE LORD CATERET IS HERE. I MUST WARN HIM OF HIS DANGER!
BUT ANGEL IS INFORMED BY PENNY CARTERET THAT HER FATHER HAS BEEN MISSING FOR THREE DAYS.
YOU SEE, ANGEL, THERE WAS AN AIR RAID THAT NIGHT. I THOUGHT MAYBE...
ANGEL TELLS HIS STORY...
...THAT'S WHY I'M SURE YOUR FATHER'S BEEN KIDNAPPED! ... HAVE YOU BEEN HERE ALONE ALL THAT TIME?
OH, NO- BUT GREEVES, THE BUTLER IS OUT TONIGHT.
YOU THINK THEY'LL TRY TO GET ME- FORCE DAD TO TALK THAT WAY? TELL ME, ANGEL- WHAT SHALL I DO?
MEANWHILE, IN THE CELLAR OF THE CARTERET HOME...
THE ANGEL MUST HAVE COME DIRECTLY HERE. THAT CAR OUT FRONT IS THE ONE WE LEFT AT THE AIRPORT FOR HIM.
I'LL GO ABOVE STAIRS, FISKE, AND PERHAPS I CAN OVERHEAR SOMETHING. ONE THING, HE CAN'T KNOW WE'RE HERE!
SO, YOU SAY THE CAR DOES BELONG TO YOUR FATHER, MISS CARTERET.
YES. YOU KNOW, ANGEL, I'M SURE YOU'RE RIGHT- SOME ONE CLOSE TO MY FATHER IS RESPONSIBLE. ELSE, HOW WOULD THEY KNOW HE HAD VITAL INFORMATION?
SUDDENLY THE DOOR OPENS.
KONK!
OW!
WHO ARE YOU? WHAT ARE YOU UP TO?
PARDON, SIR. I'M GREEVES. I WISHED TO INFORM MISS PENNY I HAD RETURNED. I DIDN'T REALIZE SHE HAD A GUEST.

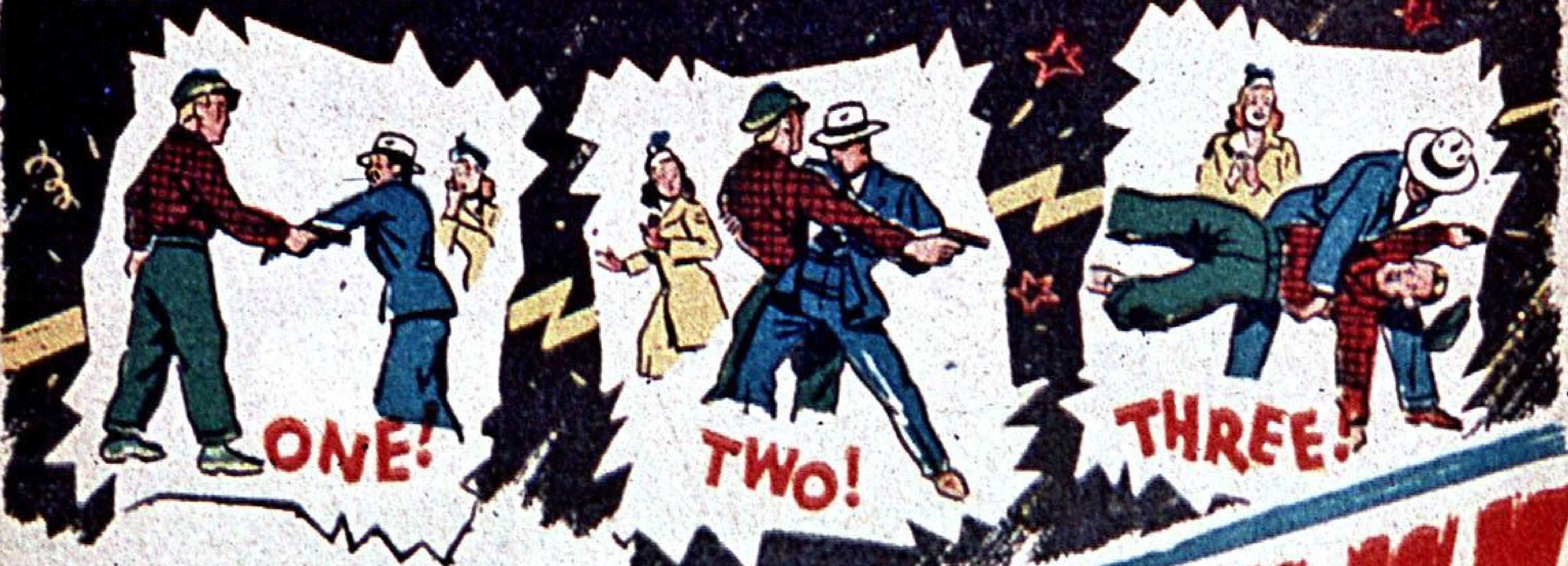

SUDDENLY, A WEIRD SCREAM CUTS THROUGH THE HOUSE!
THAT SOUNDS LIKE SOME ONE IN TROUBLE...
OHH!— WHAT IS THAT?
WAIT HERE— I'LL SEE!
I'VE GOT TO STOP HIM!
AND AS ANGEL RUSHES DOWN THE CELLAR STEPS...
AH... THIS TIME WE'LL GET YOU FOR GOOD!
UGH!
THE BLOW AND THE FALL KNOCK ANGEL OUT. THEN, WHEN HE COMES TO...
HELLO! FEELING BETTER? I'M LORD CARTERET. I GUESS YOU'RE THE ANGEL. THESE MEN ARE AFTER THE INFORMATION SO THEY CAN SELL IT TO THE AXIS. SSH! SOME ONE'S COMING!
WHOOSH!
FISKE ENTERS AT THAT MOMENT.
HA! THE ANGEL HAS RECOVERED— WELL, CARTERET, WILL YOU TALK NOW OR DO YOU FORCE ME TO USE PERSUASION ON YOUR DAUGHTER?
YOU BEAST! YOU WOULDN'T DARE!
I MIGHT EVEN SUGGEST THAT WE LEAVE YOU THREE TO THE MERCIES OF THAT CRAZY BROTHER OF YOURS!
FISKE, YOU'RE MORE INSANE THAN HE IS! WHAT HOLD HAVE YOU OVER HIM?
PERHAPS THE NOISE OF OUR GUNS FRIGHTENS THE POOR MADMAN. EH, WHAT'S THAT?
AN AIR RAID! LISTEN!
5


FISKE... THE SIREN FRIGHTENED HIM! HE'S GONE ABOVE!
FOOL! I SHOULD NEVER HAVE TRUSTED YOU ALONE WITH HIM! YOU'RE TOO SOFT-HEARTED TO SHOOT HIM DOWN. COME ON!
WHILE, UPSTAIRS, IN THE LIBRARY...
ANOTHER RAID... I WISH ANGEL WOULD COME BACK!
SOFT, BEAUTIFUL HAIR... HA-HA!
I-OHH! AAAH...
THAT'S PENNY! WHAT ARE THEY DOING TO HER?
I'LL HAVE THESE ROPES OFF IN A SECOND... THERE!
...IN A FLASH, THE ANGEL DONS HIS COSTUME.
SAVE MY DAUGHTER, ANGEL!
I'LL BE BACK FOR YOU IN A MINUTE!
ANGEL FOLLOWS THE SOUND OF THE GIRL'S SCREAMS TO THE ROOF...
THERE HE IS- AND NOT A MINUTE TO LOSE!
LET ME GO! PUT ME DOWN!
OOH! HELP!
STOP!


HOWEVER, HIGH ABOVE THEM···
WE ARE OVER LONDON NOW. PREPARE TO DROP YOUR LOAD!
LOOK! THERE'S A LIGHT! MUST BE A FIRE··· WE AIM AT THAT!
I'VE GOT YOU, PENNY! HANG ONTO ME WHILE I GET RID OF OUR FRIEND HERE!
AGHRR
THERE'S ONLY ONE WAY TO···
LOOK, ANGEL-THAT PLANE!
AND, AS THE NAZI DIVE BOMBER SWOOPS LOW OVERHEAD TO DROP ITS MESSAGES OF DEATH-- ANGEL LEAPS!
I'LL USE MY CAPE··· IT'LL ACT AS A PARACHUTE!
OHH!


ANGEL AND THE GIRL FLOAT SAFELY TO THE GROUND...
AS SOON AS WE LAND, RUN FOR THE WALL AND LIE FLAT!
HURRY, ANGEL!
WOW!
OH- HOW AWFUL!
THE ANGEL SUMMONS A RESCUE SQUAD...
YOUR FATHER WAS IN THE CELLAR... I HOPE HE'S ALL RIGHT!
HELP! HELP!
THAT'S FATHER'S VOICE!
AND A LITTLE LATER...
YOUR BROTHER, THE BUTLER, AND THAT MAN, FISKE, ARE DEAD!
IT'S JUST AS WELL FOR THEM AND FOR MY BROTHER... HE'S BEEN A MENTAL CASE SINCE HE WAS THROWN FROM A HORSE YEARS AGO.
FOR SOME IMAGINED SLIGHT, HE HATED ME AND FISKE HELPED HIM TO ESCAPE FROM THE ASYLUM, HOPING TO SCARE ME INTO TALKING.
OH, YES- AND NOW FOR THE INFORMATION I WANT!
THE FRENCH, DUTCH, BELGIAN AND NORWEGIAN UNDERGROUNDS ARE PREPARING FOR THE INVASION. THEY'LL BE READY IN ANOTHER MONTH.
GOOD WORK, SIR! I'LL GET THIS NEWS TO THE UNITED STATES GOVERNMENT IMMEDIATELY.
THE SHADOW OF THE ANGEL NOW FALLS OVER HITLERLAND- SO BEWARE, NAZIS!
NEXT MONTH IN MARVEL COMICS
THE ANGEL WILL ADVANCE FEARLESSLY INTO WAR-TORN EUROPE, TO IMPRESS THE CONQUERORS WITH FEAR.

The SECRET WEAPON You MUST Have!


ONE!
TWO!
THREE!

BLITZED By LIGHTNING JU-JITSU!

YOU, TOO, CAN BE TOUGH! No matter how small you are — no matter how accustomed you've grown to being bullied and kicked around — you can now, *in double-quick time*, become a "holy terror" in a hand-to-hand fight! And built just as you are — *that's* the beauty of it! Yes, even though you weigh no more than 100 pounds, a power-house lies concealed in that modest frame of yours, waiting to be sprung by the commando-like destruction of LIGHTNING JU-JITSU.

Just think! You need no longer be pushed around by a brute twice your size. You need no longer be tortured with fright because you lack confidence in your own ability to take care of yourself. Your loved one can now look up to you, certain that no one will *dare* lay a hand on her while you're around

WHAT IS THE SECRET? LIGHTNING JU-JITSU, the deadliest technique of counter-attack ever devised, the science which turns your enemy's weight and strength *against himself*. A secret weapon? Certainly! But it is a secret that is yours for the asking, to be mastered immediately. In your bare hands it becomes a weapon that shatters your attacker with the speed and efficiency of lightning ripping into a giant oak. You'll learn to throw a 200-pounder around as effortlessly as you'd toss a chair across the room.

LEARN AT ONCE! *Not in weeks or months!* You can master this invincible technique NOW! No expensive mechanical contraptions. No heartbreaking wait for big muscles. Actually, as you execute the grips and twists of LIGHTNING JU-JITSU, your body develops a smoothness, firmness and agility that you never dreamed you'd have. It's easy! Just follow the simple instructions in LIGHTNING JU-JITSU. Clearly written and illustrated throughout with *more than 100 drawings*, the principles can easily be followed step-by-step and learned in one reading.

What Lightning Ju-Jitsu Does For You

1. Fills you with unshakable self-confidence.
2. Makes you a sure winner in any fight.
3. Teaches you to overpower a thug armed with gun, knife, billy, or any other weapon of attack.
4. Can give you a smooth-muscled, athletic body.
5. Sharpens your wits and reflexes by coordinating eye, mind, and body.
6. Make your friends respect you, etc., etc. . . .

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Our soldiers, sailors, leathernecks and fellows entering the armed forces well know that in this all-out war their very lives depend on a knowledge of all-out tactics. The Rangers and Commandos use this deadly instrument of scientific defense and counter-attack. American police, and G-men; prison, bank, asylum and factory guards, and other defenders of our public safety are relying more and more upon it. Even in the schools, boys of teen age are being taught Ju-Jitsu. It is not a sport, as our enemies are discovering to their sorrow. It is the crushing answer to treacherous attack. You, too, must learn to defend yourself and your loved ones as ruthlessly as our fearless, hard-hitting fighters.

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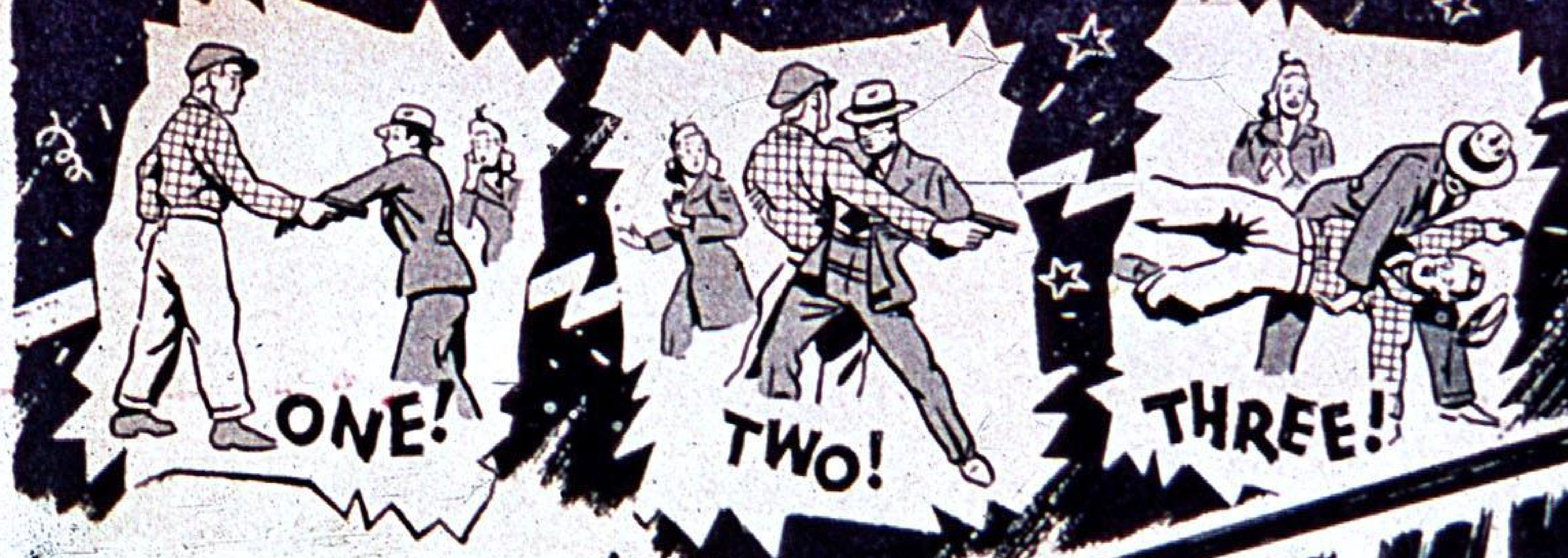
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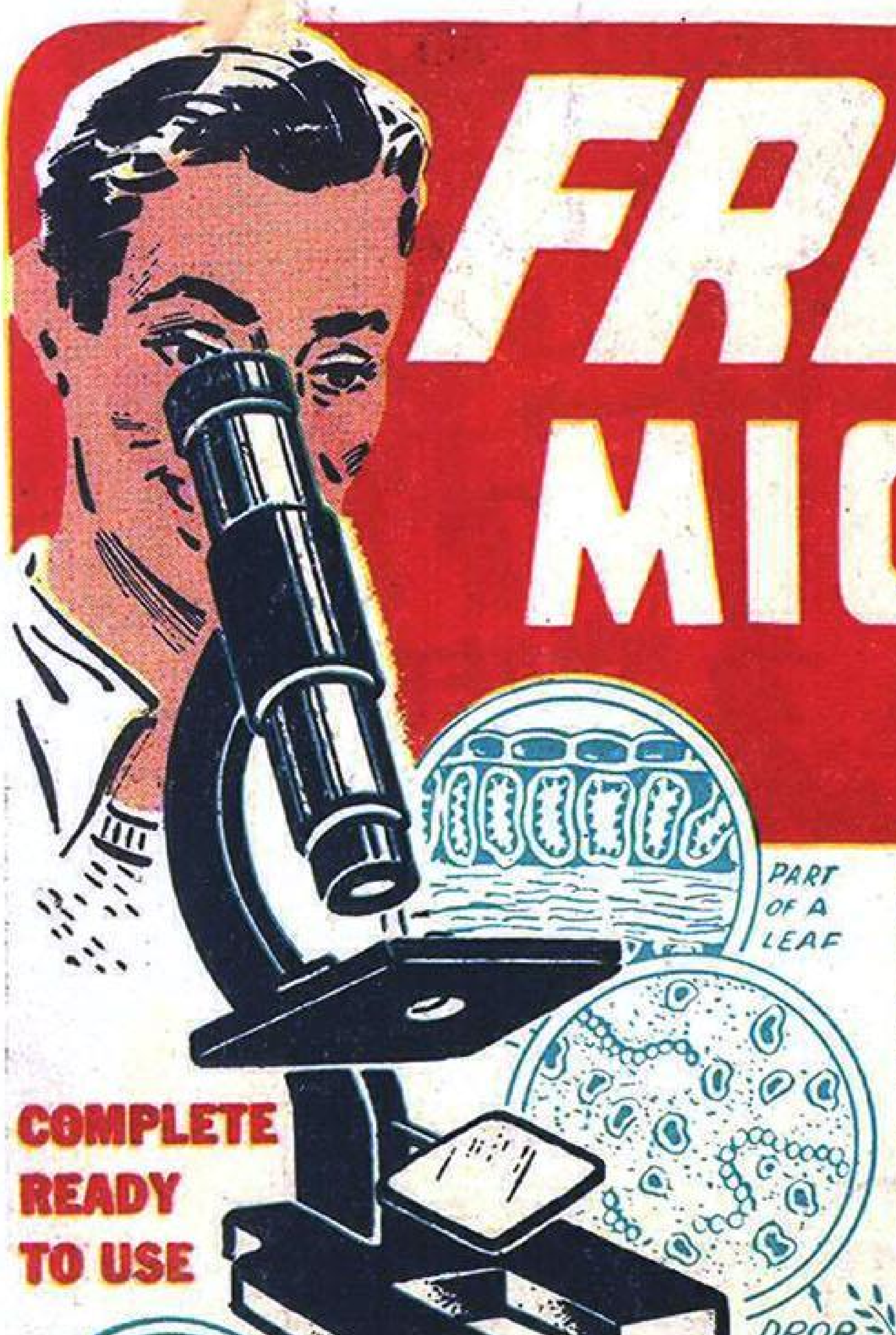

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